WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

WILLIAM ALTON DEWITT
Managing Editor

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ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Hoover

The most important event of the past month was the announcement, on June twentieth, of the President's plan for the suspension of all German reparation payments for a year. Like every piece of news, it lent itself to both a bullish and a bearish interpretation, but the world, seemingly with one accord, chose to regard it as a great constructive step. Germany was saved, disaster averted. The world, it appears, was awaiting just such a move, a reaction in sentiment was long overdue.

In a good many ways, the world was right. If Germany should collapse, economically and politically, the consequences would be inconceivably terrible. The situation was growing more critical daily, the outlook darkening. Mr. Hoover stepped in at just about the right time and did just about the right thing — perhaps the only thing that could have saved the day. In judging the situation now, too much emphasis should not be placed upon the statistical results of Mr. Hoover's plan. Statistically, the situation must have appeared very serious to have made such a move appear necessary. If the plan goes through, our Government faces a very great loss of income, at a time when the treasury is having as hard a time budgeting as the average housewife. But psychological factors, it is being more and more recognized, outweigh statistical. On the very day that sentiment turned, copper buyers, cotton buyers, wheat buyers, rubber buyers, stock buyers and bond buyers came into the various markets in volume. If, as it is possible (anything is possible), Mr. Hoover's gesture marked the bottom of the depression, the Government will make up in taxes what it loses in interest, and the rejoicing people will reëlect their leaders. But there are economists who point out that Germany may next year be no better able to pay than this.

Construction

In the first two weeks of June — the fortnight preceding Hoover Day — the construction chart had begun to show improvement. After making its spring peak in March, the volume of new construction contracts fell steadily during April and May, although the May low point did not approach the winter low. After the first of June the line turned upward again, gaining momentum after the Hoover announcement.

The important aspect of any chart, of course, is not what it has done up to now, but what it is going to do from now on. As I have pointed out before, the investor or speculator in building construction is animated by the same psychology as the investor or speculator who deals in stocks, bonds and commodities. The vital factor, in every case, is price. The time to build or buy is when prices are low. The average speculator, however, is not satisfied with low prices, he wants bottom. Now, it is true of any curve that the only way you can tell when bottom has been reached is to wait until it has been passed and the trend line has started up again. Nothing brings buyers into a market so surely as rising prices, after a long fall. It is my opinion that the slight stiffening of commodity prices which followed the Hoover moratorium announcement, together with the generally improved level of business sentiment, will stimulate a considerable volume of new construction activity, and that the index of new construction contracts which began to rise early in June will continue this trend throughout the summer, making a secondary peak in September or October at a somewhat higher level than the spring peak made in March.

Normally, the spring peak is the high of the year. If my expectation materializes, therefore, its interpretation must be extremely bullish. Improvement in corporate

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profits will surely follow increased construction activity.

Of course it must not be forgotten that the cat can jump the other way. In the great majority of years, the bulk of new construction is initiated in the spring. The autumn bulge which I expect, and which *must* take place if industrial recovery is to follow this winter, is an abnormal phenomenon and can be brought about only by exceptional conditions.

In this connection there is a most significant set of figures, the Federal Reserve's Index of Building Costs. After remaining stable during the first three months of the year, it began, in April, to drop precipitately, and has continued to do so until now. As is shown by another interesting set of figures, the Federal Reserve's Index of Building Wages, the recent deflation has taken place in this category rather than in the prices of building materials, which, in many instances, were already selling for less than the cost of production. Several months ago I suggested that before recovery could take place wages would have to be deflated and that the efforts of the Administration to prevent the action of economic laws were only delaying the inevitable. Whether or not the necessary deflation of wages has been completed, I have no way of telling, but, of course, the lower the price of anything is, the nearer it is to the bottom.

Railroads

THE railroads are suffering (they are not alone in this respect) from lack of income. If this condition perseveres, their credit will be damaged and they will be unable to raise funds, when needed, for the proper maintenance of their capital — tracks and cars. The situation may be remedied in three ways: (1) increased volume of business; (2) higher charge for service; (3) lower operating costs. The first depends, of course, on a general improvement in business. The second is embodied in the plea of the railroad executives to the Interstate Commerce Commission for a fifteen per cent increase in rates. The last will have to be resorted to if neither of the other two materializes.

The railroads are suffering from lack of business due to the depression and, in part, to the competition of buses. The latter sore spot is not going to be improved by an increase in the cost of shipping by freight. From a purely selfish point of view it really looks as though the best thing the railroads could do — and what they may have to do eventually — would be to lower operating costs by cutting wages. The railroads have already suffered for their altruism. Last year they lent their aid to Mr. Hoover's campaign to avoid a depression by embarking on expensive construction projects — work which could have been done a great deal more cheaply this year — thus exhausting their cash and making a huge investment which has brought them no return so far. Of course the altruism was tinged with selfishness (somehow it always is): nobody wanted to avert a depression quite so badly as the railroads.

In reality the near term prospects of the railroads are brighter than is commonly supposed. Seasonal factors alone will give them better earnings in the third quarter, and better than average crops are forecast.

Commodities

IT IS not unlikely that many important commodities made their cyclical low during the latter part of May and the beginning of June. Iron and steel mills during June operated at a lower rate than in any month since 1921. At that time, practically all important commodities were selling well below the cost of production. A slight improvement had already taken place before the famous Hoover announcement. Recovery, after that was in some cases precipitous. Sizable setbacks are, of course, to be expected, particularly in the cases of iron, steel, zinc, sugar and wool. The complete failure of the Farm Board is, under the circumstances, the most constructive thing that could have happened to the farming situation.

(*Continued on page X*)

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By Way of Introduction

BEN DIXON MACNEILL (*The Town of a Hundred Millionaires*), formerly a newspaper man, now numbers among his interests exploring unique American towns, and collecting specimens of phenomenal asters.

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD (*A Misconceived Merchant Marine*), a correspondent in America for a number of European publications, has made an extensive study of economic and political developments. He is a frequent contributor to magazines, and recently had an article on Russia in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

STRUTHERS BURT (*What's Left for the Novelist?*), the well-known novelist, contributed an article, *These Pregnant Thirties*, to the June issue of this magazine.

HELEN WEIGEL BROWN (*A Marriage Clinic*), originally an Easterner, is now a "confirmed Southern California addict." After four years of writing advertising, she has turned to free-lance writing, which she finds more inspiring than modern big business.

OLIVER MCKEE, JR. (*The Next Speaker*) graduated from Yale and contemplated Oxford, but the War interrupted his academic ambitions. After serving in the War he entered journalism, acting on the advice of a friendly professor who regarded it as an excellent stepping stone to something else. His special interests and experience in matters of government and politics have convinced him that he will remain in journalism and leave the "something else" for somebody else. His newspaper work has been with the Hartford *Times*, Washington Bureau of the New York *World* and editorial staff of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. He is now Washington correspondent of that paper. His article *The Yankee's Place in the Sun* recently appeared in this magazine.

ALBERTA WILLIAMS (*Picture card*), originally from Chicago, has spent a number of years in Europe. She has been a magazine editor.

NORAH WELLESBY (*Temple Rocking in the Movies*) is the pen name of a woman who contributes articles to many leading magazines.

HENRY CARTER (*The Gentleman from Maryland: Part II*), who not long ago returned from diplomatic service in Liberia, recently wrote for this magazine an article on *Democratic Possibilities for 1932*, as well as his article last month on Governor Ritchie.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST (*The Poet*) lives in Kent, England. She is a member of the distinguished Sackville family and is the prototype of Orlando in Virginia Woolf's book by that name.

PHILIP DRYER (*You Got to Be Nice*) is a young writer of stories and poetry.

JULIAN GERHARD WICK (*Reality and Labor*), of the first generation of Norwegian immigrants born in this country, is a wide reader and a versatile worker. He has worked in eleven States, all provinces of Canada, and every continent but South America.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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Apéritif

Untold Tale

WARD WILSON RANDALL, 12, of Whitehall, Illinois, this year won the annual national spelling bee. The prize was $1,000 and he won with the word "fracas."

Thomas Edison, you would have had trouble not noticing, gave up his brightest boy scholarship; but spelling bees are superior to depression. There is no conclusion but that spelling is more important than being the brightest boy.

I should write a moral tale proving that spelling bees are vicious, antisocial, dangerous things. It would have for hero a youth who won a national spelling bee. It would have somewhere in it a scene in which his arithmetic teacher was marking examination papers and said to herself, "Johnnie does not know much about arithmetic, but he spells so well that I must pass him." It would have a scene in which his English teacher was marking examination papers and said to herself, "Johnnie does not know much about grammar or literature, but he spells so well that I must pass him." And it would have other scenes in which his history, geography, Latin and French teachers likewise proved to the reader what a victim of specialization Johnnie was.

Then Johnnie would go on into adult life with his inflated idea of spelling's importance and with his inflated idea of his own importance. He would become an editor, perhaps, and reject the Great American Novel because its author, like all geniuses, was insistently mistaken about the spelling of simple words. This would be a hardship on the author for the moment, but he would get his masterpiece published elsewhere and then it would reflect back on Johnnie, who would be asked by his employers why he had not seen the great merit of this man's work. He would be asked politely, but in the end he would lose his job.

Then he would go rapidly down the social scale, assisted in each descending step by the perfection of his spelling. At the last, when he was putting his head in the gas oven, he would murmur, "I see it now. It was that spelling bee that caused my degradation. I should have realized that it was always possible to use a

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dictionary and gone on to more important things, but it is too late now." Then he would write a note to the newspapers warning lads away from spelling bees, and turn on the gas. Out of the oven would come his dying voice, "Obuncous, o-b-u-n-c-o-u-s; ginglymostomidae, g-i-n-g-l-y-m-o-s-t-o-m-i-d-a-e; psoroph-thalmia, p-s. . . ."

Brothers Under the Stars

IN GERMANY there is a search on for "horoscope twins." Scientists have decided to explode, once and for all, the claims of astrologers, and they are looking for two unrelated people born at approximately the same place in the same second of time, hoping they will turn out entirely unlike. According to astrology, they should have similar personalities and should have led nearly identical lives.

I keep seeing the meeting of these two. They were born in a small town in Ohio, were moved away early by their parents in opposite directions and now, at the age of forty, are brought together. They are slightly bald, slightly fat and tired; in fact, they look alike. They shake hands with embarrassment. The scientists are sitting around comfortably on chairs. Smith begins the talk:

"Well, do you think Hoover'll be reëlected?"

"Oh, it's a sure thing," Brown answers wisely. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think so, too," says Smith, and they are well started.

They talk golf. They each tell about a hole made in one, and the accounts are quite similar: miraculous. They go on and discover mutual tastes: in poker, gin, Eddie Guest, commuting, Greta Garbo, contract bridge, wives, children and a vast number of other things. The scientists grow unhappy. The longer the conversation goes on, the unhappier they grow.

Smith and Brown talk. They talk of boxing and baseball, the stock market, patriotism, Brisbane, advertising, Coolidge, business, and back over the same ground again. Everywhere they agree. They agree to the accompaniment of enthusiastic smiles, hearty laughs, shaken hands. And the scientists are downright morose.

An hour passes. The scientists notice a change. Smith and Brown are still agreeing, but they are no longer laughing or shaking hands; there is a look of bewilderment on their faces. As they go on agreeing, the look shifts to dislike, to animosity, at last to out and out hatred. But they go on agreeing. They turn to the scientists for permission to give up the game; but the scientists, curious, shake their heads, and they go on.

Each is suffering from an acute desire to bash the other on his nose; I can see it in their eyes. But they go on talking, helplessly agreeing on everything. The desire grows so acute that the veins stand out on their foreheads; even on that they agree. Finally, just when it seems that the veins will burst, Smith says:

"Gosh, it would be great to have good beer again, wouldn't it?" And Brown says: "It sure would."

Then they stand up and smash each other in the face with their right hands, stagger and come back and

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smash each other in the face with their left hands. They smash and smash, with a positively beautiful unanimity of rhythm. At last they drop, at the same time, and the scientists, pleased as can be, pour cold water on them and shake hands all around.

But scientists like themselves, having good reason.

Oh, Well

MRS. MACCOMOBOY'S apartment had an air of solidity. Chairs were planted massively on thick legs; floor lamps were screwed into the floor and made so strong that any number of orang-outangs could swing from them. There were safe receptacles for fragile objects, such as tea sets and cocktail glasses, and the chandeliers were trapeze bars. It was a sensible way of doing things, when you consider.

Mrs. Maccomoboy was in one of the chairs lying on her shoulder blades, with legs outstretched. She grunted something to my hello, seized the floor lamp nearest her with both hands far apart and hoisted herself to a horizontal position in the air. This was characteristic and not supposed to be noticed, so I lit a cigarette and sat down. After a moment she dropped to the floor and did some bending exercises.

"If you say a word about the moratorium," she muttered, "I'll scream."

"And if I know you," I returned with a Gallic shrug, "you'll scream anyhow. I had no intention of talking about the moratorium."

She inspected the heel of her slipper by the arduous method of leaning her head back till it was no more than six inches from her foot, then deciding to encourage me, threw a large book at my head.

"Poor Jules Verne," I sighed. "Do you know, a Mr. Guy Bartlett examined his prophecies scientifically and gave him scarcely a passing mark — only sixty per cent! Jules was only three-fifths right in how he imagined the submarine *Nautilus* would work — and I have to use my Latin again: *sic transit gloria.*"

"*Mundi*," she added conscientiously. "But science is so marvelous."

"Of course it is. Look at Dr. Séverin Icard. He can deduce where any one has been or what he's been doing by the dust in his watch. Things always seep into watches, and barbers have fragments of hair in theirs, bricklayers pieces of mortar, violinists bits of resin, grocers assorted vegetables, and so on. A distinguished churchman, they say, dead a hundred years, was proved to have been a snuff-taker by grains of tobacco dust found in his watch, which — very fortunately indeed — had been preserved in a museum."

Without warning Mrs. Maccomoboy suddenly shot into the air, caught her heels on the chandelier and swung violently back and forth, laughing like a maniac — shrieked at the top of her lungs: "What if he'd *hocked* his watch!"

I had to think of the Hungarian doctor who conceived a treatment for drugs which were ordinarily harmless or beneficial, if taken in mild doses, but which in quantities could kill. So many people were committing suicide this way and it would

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have been so inconvenient to stop sale of the drugs that this doctor suggested combining them with a little emetic — not enough to distress ordinary users, but enough to prevent suicides. His idea was that it would please the would-be suicides, because they could have the thrill of killing themselves with no worse consequence than a healthy nausea. *My* idea was that Mrs. Maccomoboy could get the scare of her life, and be deservedly sick besides.

I felt eyes and looked up. At the window was a man's head; his body was invisible, dangling outside, presumably, fourteen floors above the street. "Tell her," he said breathlessly, "about insomnia, how they've found out there's hardly any such thing. You know, everybody wakes up dozens of times every night; most people don't remember next day. Ones who do think they have insomnia. Nonsense!" He gasped and disappeared. Mrs. Maccomoboy descended from the chandelier.

"Don't mind him," she apologized. "He's an iconoclast and very much upset these days over the homicide rate, because it's doubled in the last thirty years. With unemployment and all, he thinks it should have done much better — forty or fifty times better."

It seemed inadequate as an explanation, but there it was. I changed the subject and looked for my hat, which was gone, as I had suspected.

"Anyhow," I said, "it's all your fault, this wheat surplus. You exercise and go on spinach diets and there's no bread eaten except by men. There will have to be propaganda, I expect: 'Not a curve in a carload.' What's more, it's really true that if you eat too many carrots by themselves, you'll get yellow. Women have."

She lay down on the divan, politely closing her eyes in dismissal.

"Well, at least you can't blame us for the fall in the birth rate. Some census expert — Warren Thompson — admits it's just life in the cities. Children in the cities are just an afterthought. Tangible, countable, cumulative things are criteria of success. Children in the country, I suppose, *aren't* tangible, countable or cumulative things. They're ethereal, exactly like a love of poetry. Go on home."

W. A. D.

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The Town of a Hundred Millionaires

By Ben Dixon MacNeill

Picture of Winston-Salem, cigarette capital of the world, and its extraordinary inhabitants

An even hundred millionaires, as such, in a republic that possesses, or is possessed by, four or five thousand of the species and can take its millionaires or leave them, arouse no more than casual interest and no concern whatever. Set forward in competition with, say, a medium-sized herd of medium-sized camels plodding along the street, an even hundred assorted proprietors of seven-figured quantities of money would stand a fair chance of being ignored utterly. Millionaires, as such, are as outmoded as pole-sitters.

Or at any rate the standard brands of millionaire have been relegated to the oblivion of the inside pages of the newspapers. The old, piratically whiskered juggler of railroads seems entirely extinct. The war-profits and stock-boom brands, pitiably attenuated, are keeping filling-stations somewhere, and the most celebrated of them all, spawned in such fabulous numbers in Pittsburgh a generation ago, is too enfeebled to bring much color to its absorption of the chorus-girl market. Their current patronage of restorative spas is a dull spectacle and their sons, perhaps not unnaturally, seem a lifeless lot.

Here and there members of the species have momentarily achieved public attention by donning overalls. But as a general thing, the millionaire has palled upon the public taste and the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers run more to contrivers of new theories about the origin, the operation and probable duration of the universe and to other sages preoccupied with exhuming history in remote parts of the earth. Practically the only chance a millionaire, as such, has of appearing in the pictures is by doing so in the company of some savant with whom he has divided his wealth.

A fish to his swimming and a millionaire to his million-making; lifted by curiosity or boredom out of his native element, ignominious disillusion is likely to overtake and overwhelm him. It is a wisdom inherited and husbanded by the even

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hundred millionaires who, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, have created $700,000,000 which they possess among themselves, who walk daily their mile for their only brand of cigarette, whose interest in printers' ink, except when used in legitimate and profitable advertising, is non-existent, and who have no inclination to traffic in or with chorus ladies and who are not bothered with the past or the future of any of the solar systems.

This unorthodox fiscal hybrid, an even hundred of him, lives, has grown up in a town measured by the census with less than 80,000 population, or about one millionaire for each eight hundred people. And a fairly generous proportion of the remaining 799 have made substantial beginnings toward elevating themselves into the seven-figured bracket. None of them, not even the Socialist spellbinders who mount soapboxes and excitedly rend their linen publicly, belongs to what could be called the poorer classes. There are no poor, except relatively.

A MILD lot, these even hundred millionaires in North Carolina's twin city. Not a throat has been slit nor a chorus lady ravished, nor until recently, when it apparently became necessary as a defensive measure, a politician debauched, in the accumulation of this unparalleled lot of wealth. Unparalleled, that is, for a town that a generation ago was a somnolent country village. It still holds to the simple ways in which it has prospered as few towns, omitting oil-boom places and the like, have prospered in America.

Vaguely analogous allusion to a medium-sized herd of camels at the beginning of this chronicle was not wholly unintentional. These even hundred millionaires have got to where they are, almost literally, on the backs of Camels. And while about the dubious business of playing with words and to have it over with, we may trifle a moment with a line slogan from their advertising matter. Every columnist and vaudeville comedian in America trifled with it some years ago. Entirely literally, the even hundred millionaires daily walk their mile for their Camel.

HOWEVER, the advertising slogan had nothing, has nothing, to do with the literal fact that every millionaire in the town, at seven o'clock every work day morning, walks down to his office and goes to work. They were doing it, most of them, long before they got to be millionaires and before the advertising slogan brought a boom to their business and a boon to columnar wits. They still do. It is an honored custom, brought to Winston-Salem by the first Richard Joshua Reynolds when he drifted in with a few borrowed thousands of dollars looking for a site upon which to set up a modest tobacco factory.

While their 35,000 employes rattle factoryward in street cars and flivvers, these hundred millionaires can be seen morning after morning trudging toward their own work. Not all of them go to the great cigarette factories. Some of them deploy to the great bank where their money is housed; some to the great — but in these surroundings insignificant — woolen mill and to the mills that are making the town the underwear

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NEWARK, N.J.

capital of the nation, as it is already the cigarette capital of, virtually, the world.

It is no hardship for them. The only hardship incident to their pedestrianism is visited upon the unedified beholder of it, who is not able to understand why a man who owns a half dozen costly but conservative automobiles would walk to work. It is no hardship to the even hundred millionaires because they were brought up that way. It will be, generally, no hardship for the next generation because the custom is continued in practice. The millionaires walk, and at seven o'clock, but they do not require emulation of the practice among their hirelings. It may be the lesser hired help can not afford the luxury of pedestrianism.

Their walking is done entirely without self-consciousness, as most of their activities are done without self-consciousness. They are not self-conscious about being millionaires. None of them has ever been, from the time Old Man Dick Reynolds began to attain that status thirty years ago. Mr. Reynolds was always so busy planning additions to the factory that he died before any subjective comprehension of his wealth came to him. And it is so with his fiscal inheritors. It is not that they are without concern or imagination; they are just busy.

FEWER than a thousand inhabitants, none of them millionaires, none of them, indeed, of any experience with which they could imagine so incredible a sum of money, peopled the despised village when Mr. Reynolds descended upon it intent upon the manufacture of chewing tobacco. Its single industry, grown up from a blacksmith shop for which there was no room in the town of Salem, concerned itself with the making of wagons. Nissen Wagons were the standard far up the Valley of the Yadkin and the manufacture of them marked the horizon of the town's interest or belief in corporate craftsmanship.

THE town started with an inferiority complex. A dozen years before the Civil War an increased population along the Valley of the Yadkin made the creation of a new county seem expedient. By legislative enactment the county of Forsythe was set up with the idea of making the ancient town of the Moravians its seat of government. Salem was the Southern capital of the Moravian faith in America, settled forty years before the Revolution and by 1848 grown into a place of some importance. It contained the Southern bishopric of the church, a college curiously preoccupied with the education of females and such artisans and tradesmen as were necessary to the maintenance of a sort of papal state.

When overtures were made for the designation of a site for the erection of a court house, a jail, a whipping post, a gallows and other paraphernalia of government, the reverend fathers in Salem arose in haughty wrath and declared that Salem would have none of the business. If they wanted a court house, they could go elsewhere with it; among God-fearing people there should be no need of court houses and jails. The reverend fathers of Salem told

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the Commissioners of the new county to be gone.

Naturally, they went. They went two miles westward from Salem and bought a tract of land along the hill above the heretic Nissen's blacksmith shop. They laid out a town, with a square reserved in its center for the court house, and another for the jail, gallows and whipping post. But even here they were not beyond the sphere of the Church's prejudice against whipping posts. It was written into the deed and made forever binding, that no whipping post might be set up on the lands transferred.

The Commissioners were not wholly supine. In defiance of probable ecclesiastic disapproval in the matter, were it brought to their attention, the town was named Winston, honoring one Major John Winston, whose patriotic blood-lettings occupy some space in the earlier annals of the State. Disdainful Salem ignored the shabby county seat. More nearly than any other sect in America, the Moravians successfully ignore civil government, together with its occasional war-makings and its services and punishments. In Pennsylvania and in North Carolina they have thrived, in their fashion, for two centuries, avoiding open issue with civil authority, but ignoring it.

At any rate, Winston set out upon its career as a municipality under the handicap of an inferiority complex. The best people in the Valley didn't approve of the town at all, and dwellers therein were necessarily of a lower order than those who lived under the patriarchate in Salem. It was eleven years before they availed themselves of the authority designated by the General Assembly and became an incorporated village, with the powers that accrue to such bodies. The achievement of townhood was celebrated, in a way, by the hanging of one of Major W. J. McElroy's slaves. The Major was merely a lawyer, and his hands were not stained with martial red. The town paid $256.25 for the land upon which the Negro was hanged, and upon which its incredible cigarette factories and its millionaires, are now housed.

So the town was in 1859, and approximately so in 1875 when Mr. Reynolds appeared. In 1913, by reason of the expansion ensuing from the manufacture of Prince Albert smoking tobacco, it had reached such proportions that an amalgamation with Salem was put through the General Assembly and a local plebescite, and thus the State came into possession of a duplicate of Minnesota's twin cities. The patriarchate of Salem protested apoplectically and uselessly. Since then it has been Winston-Salem, with Winston's policemen, fire trucks and street cars and ward politicians making a havoc of the serenity of the ancient village and its two-century-old mid-European architecture. The name of Richard J. Reynolds is not blessed in Salem.

Nor has blasphemous vandalism stopped there. Winston has grown and grown, northward and southward and eastward with its factories and its tenements until the ancient village is engulfed, lost in the reaching maze of industrialism. Westward

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the municipal frontiers have been reserved for the accommodation of many, many scores of such residences as people with money are likely to build. Many of them are fabulous places, blood-brothers to the houses New York has built in Westchester and on Long Island. They are not remotely related, architecturally or spiritually, to the bewildered, smothering old houses in Salem, which seem somehow like senile, helplessly refined survivors of a shipwreck clinging to rafts in a harassed sea.

THE town has not traded one complex for another; it has simply forgotten that it started out with one. Mr. Reynolds had none when he settled there, after desultory youthful wanderings here and there throughout the Piedmont of Virginia and North Carolina, finally selecting Winston for no obvious reason except that easily to hand was much tobacco. He had to build somewhere, and in this disdained village he would not be crowded. Nor was he, until he crowded himself.

In his modest factory he manufactured a modest sort of chewing tobacco, and sold it, prospering moderately and adding to his factory. At about the turn of the century he discovered that gold was to be refined from barreled printers' ink. He started advertising and finally settled definitely upon a brand of pipe tobacco which he named for the then extravagantly popular Prince of Wales. Quite suddenly he discovered that he had a million dollars and that he needed another new factory and more barrels of red and black ink. . . . Sensing the comfort that a soldier gets out of easily smoked tobacco, Camels were launched at the beginning of the War. The rest is more or less obvious history.

Before abandoning Mr. Reynolds, dead these dozen years, profitable parallel might be drawn between him and North Carolina's other tobacco giant, the late James Buchanan Duke, fabricator of the "tobacco trust," later dismembered by the United States Supreme Court. Between them, with production approximately equal, companies brought into being by these two contemporary Tar Heels manufacture upwards of ninety per cent of the cigarettes smoked in America. Camels, Chesterfields, Lucky Strikes, Old Golds are their familiar brands. Between them they taught the world to smoke.

Between them there was a vast difference in method. Duke was not, primarily, a manufacturer and merchant. From an unpretentious business in Durham he went to New York, organized vast corporations, aimed at domination of the tobacco world and very nearly achieved it. Then Reynolds was not important enough for Duke to smash when he couldn't absorb him. Duke internationalized himself, and the town from which he went, though large from the making of cigarettes, bears no stamp of his personality. Durham is just a factory, a dull desert, with only its one bizarre distinction in the extravagant university which Duke, dying, built there for the glorification of his own name.

REYNOLDS was not a manipulator. He manufactured and sold tobacco and cigarettes. If he brought more with him to Winston than his borrowed ten thousand dollars and a

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valise to carry it in, there is no record of it. But he brought himself. He worked in local tobacco, and with local help. He was comfortably dead before any stock of his ever found its way into the lists of the New York Stock Exchange. As many millionaires happened in the wake of Duke as of Reynolds. But with the difference that the Duke species were a result of spontaneous combustion, while the Reynolds litter just grew. And also worked.

From the outset of his career in Winston, Reynolds hired local help and wisely allowed them, helped them, to prosper in proportion to their deserving. Without notable exception the one hundred millionaires in Winston-Salem could boast, if they were given to boasting, that they grew up out of or with the business. They have a local inheritance that goes back beyond the beginnings of the village. They belong to the town, as Reynolds belonged to the valley.

And, naturally, the town belongs to them. The Reynolds factories are the town, for all that it could find reasonable pride and adequate sustenance in its Hanes industries devoted to making underwear, and the Chatham enterprises, which manufacture two million woolen blankets annually and are the only industrial organization in the State owned and directed by the fifth generation of the family which founded them. These two industrial plants could sustain a great many people. But the cigarette factories give work, which, in Winston-Salem, is the essential thing.

More than forty thousand wage and salary earners in a town of only eighty thousand, anyone must agree, is not usual.

Two-fifths of the total are Negroes, recruited from the cotton fields far to the eastward. The remainder come from up and down the Valley of the Yadkin, plain people, eight and ten generations descended from sturdy, commonplace Scotch-Irish, German Lutheran and Moravian stock that came in such quantity from Pennsylvania when Indian wars made that territory untenable in the decade beginning with 1735. Not a brilliant lot, to be sure, but they contributed Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and, partially, Andrew Johnston to the nation's roster of Presidents.

From Jackson's linen-weaver father onward, they have made competent workmen. They have large-bottomed feet, which equip them poorly for stampeding. There is not, has never been, and will probably never be, a labor union among them. They are an individualistic lot, and did not their forefathers abandon Pennsylvania rather than be bothered with contending with the aborigines? No serious effort has ever been made to unionize them. It would probably be useless; an astounding number of them own varying amounts of the ten million shares of common stock in the company.

Being rich and without disturbing complexes, the town can afford tolerant support for harmless amusing paradoxes. It is the only town in the South which has consistently put forth biennially a Socialist ticket for the city government and listened, not at all impatiently, to the most

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incendiary sort of Socialist oratory from its court house steps. The Socialists exhaust themselves. It is nothing to be alarmed about. And it is to be noted that the Communists let the town severely alone when they invaded the State in 1929, with bloody doings in Gastonia.

If it tolerates the Socialist party, the town also supports very adequately a great choral society that gives magnificent concerts, in an outdoor stadium, with a thousand voices. There is an excellent orchestra, not known outside the town of course. It is purely for local enjoyment. The community musical director draws a much handsomer salary than does the mayor. The town is unostentatiously but adequately and thriftily governed. It has the lowest tax rate in the State, and the finest high school with the highest paid teachers. There has never been a scandal in the local government. The millionaires would not tolerate corruption or inefficiency. Just what they would do has never been disclosed; it has not been necessary.

They have a sense of proportion, or at any rate a sense that draws rational distinctions between what would be harmful to the atmosphere of the town and what would be harmlessly amusing or diverting. Once it supported the largest klavern of the late Ku Klux Klan in the State, but none of the class that is somehow spoken of as "us" belonged to it. The Kluckers did no harm to anybody, fomented no disorder, but perhaps they did get rid of a lot of steam, sweated out of them while wearing their robes.

Almost to a man the millionaires are Democrats and were, before and after the Houston convention, supporting Alfred E. Smith. But the newspaper's editor was fanatically opposed to him, before and after the convention, and worked himself into a behemothian editorial sweat about it. Which was quite all right with the millionaires. One way or the other, it would not hurt the town. They let him rage. But upon matters that would seem trifling to an outsider, he must walk softly and speak not at all. The halter lies lightly upon his neck, and the hands that hold it seem preoccupied. If he should speak offendingly about some matter, like labor unions, or a sales tax, the hands would move with deadly swiftness.

Annually the town collects and pays into the Federal treasury about $175,000,000 in excise taxes, to the accompaniment of gleeful chortling among the State-conscious press. This chortling among the custodians of the State's pride have given rise to a state of mind that disturbs the millionaires profoundly. A headline proclaims "Winston-Salem Pays Near Two Hundred Million to Federal Treasury." The idea lodges in the burry mind of some outlander groaning under the burden of taxes on his small farm. Immediately he begins to think thoughts.

If this town is as rich as all that, thinks he, why can't it pay something into the State. Why, it is more than all the State and local taxes put together. Some of it ought to be kept at home. Such thinking is not confined to the burry-minded agrarian serf. This past winter saw the solemn introduction of a resolution in the

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General Assembly, memorializing the Federal Government to split up the tax. The resolution was written by no less than a justice of the State Supreme Court.

As matters already stand, out of every $2.50 collected in taxes by the State, the Company pays a dollar. Ten years ago, representing his county, which was also largely his company, James A. Gray, young financial genius of the organization who conceived and executed the idea of ten million shares of common stock worth at the present market, $520,000,000, went down to the capital and re-wrote the State's taxing machinery. An income tax lifted all State tax from real property, leaving that source to the counties and towns. Corporate and personal and franchise taxes support the State government, which includes fourteen institutions of higher education, and half the cost of the elementary schools.

THE law worked beautifully. Reynolds paid more than a third of the taxes, and without complaining. The counties, having land taxes all to themselves, went wild — except Forsythe County — and have become virtually bankrupt. They groan and sweat and plan a new raid upon the tobacco company, bodily moving most of their taxes into Forsythe by a production levy on cigarettes. The result has been a deadly deadlock between the agrarian east and the industrial middle. The headlines in the Josephus Daniels newspaper speak boldly of bribes, and the editorials emit the brimstone customary in such cases when the "rights of the people" are being bartered.

It is not a new charge, to be sure, but there is a certain novelty in the hauling of the millionaires before committees in person to swear they have not bribed anybody. It is not by any means a new charge. The Elizabeth City (North Carolina) *Independent* three years ago printed a tale, for years in word-of-mouth circulation, to the effect that in 1924 the present governor, O. Max Gardner, was accommodatingly enabled to buy a large block of stock in the Reynolds company, paying for it with a note in the Reynolds bank, and eventually having a net profit of $445,000. The hundred millionaires are in politics. Merely defensively, they maintain, and dismiss the matter.

IF THEY have battles to do, they go alone. Or, rather, they send some one competent and experienced in that sort of battling. They align themselves with no other interests. There is no confusion. They lack utterly ostentation, which is in sharp contrast with the melodramatic doings of the late Mr. Duke when the General Assembly, under the whippings of Mr. Daniels, undertook to fix power rates. That was after Duke abandoned cigarettes for dynamos. He arrived in oriental state, private cars, flunkies, shoals of paid-by-the-piece politicians and glared balefully at the General Assembly, which promptly voted him out-of-doors. Winston-Salem has an undeniable finesse in such matters. They intervene only when their own ox is being gored.

Mostly the controlling group of the town's millionaires are younger men, still under fifty. All of them

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are conventionally graduated from the State University. They began to take hold about 1920, when the stock made its appearance on the Exchange. Some of their elders had misgivings, but the ten million shares, even through the past lean year, earned and paid the usual dividend, with a comfortable accretion for the surplus being laid up against another stock-splitting that will make more men millionaires.

They are, none of them, a markedly playful lot, nor are their wives given overly to extra-domestic diversions calculated to call attention to themselves. European steamers get little business among them, but nurserymen and landscape architects profit by them notably. They have a country club that is a marvel of democratic exclusiveness, and atop the Blue Ridge highland fifty miles away, a summer colony with the golf course that is the highest east of the Mississippi.

WINSTON-SALEM is probably the only town in America that has no loafing class. Most smaller cities in America have a drug store or a pool room where the younger unoccupied males collect to idle away time for which they have no use. Ranging from that down to places where the idlers are concerned with matters of a criminal sort. Having no idlers, the town has no need of an idling place in which to amuse them. Vagrancy is not tolerated in any class. It is ostracized.

All of which may seem a prosaic and unimaginative procedure for a town with money to buy coloring matter for the drab fabric of living. But it satisfies them. Here, in their hands, is something very definite and very large and very powerful which they themselves have made and to which they plan additional touches. It is neither ignorantly unconcerned nor callously superior. It is just busy with something that it enjoys doing, and something that it knows very much how to do.

IT HAS genial, tolerant manners, as witness in the incident of the notorious United States Senator, who does not need a name here since his people, ashamed, have since recalled him. In early 1928, fearful that the Pope was about to move his bed into the White House, he hurried south in search of an audience to whom he might, with profit to himself, reveal his forebodings. Winston-Salem's large Klavern of Kluckers booked him.

Arrived in town, he was greeted by a delegation of Kluckers. None of them was a person of consequence and the Senator, like all demagogues, is a snob. He was accustomed to being received by responsible citizens with whom he could enjoy highballs, though publicly liquor alarmed him painfully. None of the sort of citizens with whom it was his custom to fraternize was on hand. He dismissed the committee and repaired to his room in the hotel. He sent for the register to see if he knew anybody inscribed therein, discovering a newspaper friend who had been sent to witness the launching of the 1928 campaign against Rome.

The speech created a mighty furore in the audience, but nobody of major consequence was present. It was a harmless ebullition of the workers. None of the principal citizens had called when he returned to

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the hotel, and the Senator retired, feeling very much put upon. It chanced that the newspaper man had considerable acquaintance in the town and was invited to breakfast by no less than a millionaire and was shown over a new factory with much novel modern equipment. His host drove him back to the hotel.

ENROUTE he said: "I dislike to have anybody of the importance of a United States Senator come here and none of us do his office the courtesy of speaking to him. Of course we had no interest whatever in his mission here. But I don't happen to know this Senator; would you very much mind going up with me and letting me make my manners to him? I don't want to be there a moment."

The Senator was closeted with two officers of the Klavern and from the looks of things, was having a most unsatisfactory time with them. But he was affable to his caller, insisted that he sit down. The two Kluckers retired from the room hastily, somewhat shamefacedly. A moment later they were waiting in the corridor when the caller took leave of the Senator. They were obviously distraught. One of them said "Mr. Hugh, could we speak to you a minute. We are in a sort of a mess. We agreed to pay him five hundred dollars and we didn't raise it and he's raising an awful row. I just don't know what to do. He won't listen to no reason."

"Well, well," said the millionaire mildly, "he mustn't leave us unrewarded. He obviously expects to be paid and we Winston folks do pay our debts. Tell you what I'll do." A little later the Senator departed, fully recompensed.

By no means unconscious of itself and dutifully appreciative of its own present and future, the town can laugh at itself, as it did on the evening of a great dinner when the guest of honor smilingly turned a lady's prideful humor back upon her. The dinner went on smoothly, pleasantly animated. Just before coffee was brought, the guest of honor absently took out his cigarettes and lighted one. He laid the case beside his plate, the while talking to the vivacious younger matron at his right. The cigarettes were an alien brand. The vivacious lady summoned a waiter.

"TAKE these," she said, pleasantly but definitely, "and bring Doctor Charles some cigarettes." She emphasized the last word. The Doctor smiled agreeably, threw away his Chesterfield and tugged at his necktie, unbuttoned his collar. The lady was mystified, then alarmed when he unsnapped a stud in his shirt. The returned waiter and his burden of genuine cigarettes were forgotten at this strange behavior.

"Why, Doctor, what does this mean?" the lady said, not quite certain she should say anything.

"Awfully tactless of me to bring those Chesterfields here," the Doctor said, "and I'm very grateful to you for reminding me." He smiled engagingly. "And it has just occurred to me that I am guilty of another equally abominable mistake. I have just remembered that my undershirt was made in Kenosha and . . ."

There was silence. The lady broke it with a healthy, unaffected laugh.

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A Misconceived Merchant Marine

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

Our shipbuilding subsidy creates inflation on the sea to match the inflation we have had on land

The American merchant marine wants its share of the foreign trade of the United States. Just what that share is, we do not know. But we do know that some 800 American ships, totalling approximately 4,000,000 gross tons, are engaged in unprotected foreign trade, and, during the past few years, have carried about one-third of the exports and imports of the United States. These latter amount annually to something like $10,000,000,000, and the foreign trade cargo runs up to about 100,000,000 tons, of which two-thirds are shipped in foreign bottoms.

This sounds as if the United States furnished the cargo and foreign countries most of the ships. And, in fact, foreign fleets do prosper under a gentle breeze of freight bills paid in American dollars. There is a reason, of course, for the American exporter and importer to ship his goods in foreign vessels. "A study of the types of vessels comprising this fleet reveals that very few of them are modern ships capable of competing effectively under present-day conditions. . . . More than sixty per cent of the United States' waterborne foreign commerce is carried in strictly cargo vessels, yet, during the past five years, only three ships of this type have been built in the United States. During the same period, other countries have launched 863 cargo vessels, of which over 500 were built in Great Britain." This is the comment of the New York Trust Company in a study on the merchant marine problem.

Is it, then, a question of building fast, modern ships in which to carry American goods? It seems so, for Mr. O'Connor, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, is of the opinion that "better and speedier ships, operating under private American ownership in well-ordered and well-regulated companies, under conditions that assure a reasonable financial return in the face of foreign competition — that, in a word, is a picture of the American merchant marine as it is destined to appear in the not very distant future."

If this is the picture destined to appear in the not very distant future, why not go ahead and build those ships and have it over with? — Unfortunately, it is not as easy as

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that. American vessels now operating in foreign trade routes were built during 1918 and 1919 and are in direct competition with foreign-built vessels of modern types. . . . The cost of carrying goods in American vessels must not exceed the cost of carriage in foreign vessels; otherwise, American shippers are subject to serious handicap in competition with foreign nations. This handicap exists at the present time, due primarily to the higher cost of ship construction in the United States than in foreign countries. It is for this reason that new merchant vessels to replace old vessels now operating in our foreign trade routes have not been constructed. . . . This is, in essence, the opinion of Mr. Smith, President of the National Council of American Shipbuilders.

SINCE American shipyards could not compete with foreign shipbuilders, Congress took a hand in the rebuilding of an American merchant marine. The Jones-White Act, which became law on May 22, 1928, has given impetus to a ship-building programme that will give American flag lines operating in foreign trade about seventy new, shiny vessels during the next few years. Construction loans on the new vessels have already been granted to the extent of more than $110,000,000.

Since American shippers can not compete with foreign ship lines in operating costs, ocean mail contracts have been provided under the same act. American ship lines will receive approximately $270,000,000 from the Government in the next ten years for carrying mails.

Thus, the foundation for a great American merchant marine has actually been laid. At least, we are repeatedly assured this by shippers and shipbuilders, by economists and Government officials. But can the problem really be reduced to so simple an equation as 1+1=2? Is it possible to create a merchant marine for a nation's foreign trade by the simple expedient of building ships? And if these can not be built as cheaply as they are constructed at Hamburg and Newcastle, is the problem solved by appealing to the Government to supply the deficit in shipbuilding and in ship-operating?

SUCH a procedure can end only in disappointment, according to every precedent established in any branch of economic endeavour. Fortunately, there are precedents which nearly parallel the merchant marine *mene tekel*. It is well known that the Federal Farm Board refused further loans to ailing farmers, on the ground that such loans had, during the past year, led to increased cultivation, instead of reduction of the agricultural output. The Board's loans had "inflated" farming activity.

The tremendous financial strength of the Federal Farm Board could not do away with the evils of agricultural over-production; on the contrary, it has acted as a stimulant. By the same token, Government help will not reduce, let alone eliminate, surplus tonnage and the excessive amount of competition existent in the world shipping market. On the contrary, Government loans and mail contracts have, as we have seen, resulted in spirited building activity, thus adding to surplus tonnage, in-

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creasing competition and making the shipping branch less profitable than it ever has been.

Fundamentally, the same principle of "inflation" applies to the stock market crash. Back in 1928–1929, the credit situation was such that thousands, if not millions, of people were in a position to borrow "easy" money for speculation in Wall Street. Their buying capacity was greatly "inflated." Both instances show clearly enough that financial help, or gifts, presented on a silver plate, instead of remedying ills, actually results in either disappointment or depression, leading ultimately to failure.

If this theory needs further proof, we may turn to France and see there industries which are undoubtedly inferior to their German competitors in efficiency, though France won and Germany lost the war, and though France was rich in reparation gifts, while Germany had to call on every inch of her energy and ingenuity to pull through in the face of staggering burdens, under the iron grip of depression and post-war inflation.

Or, again, take Germany after the victorious Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 when, a few years after her triumph, she went through an intense economic crisis, in spite of the millions of francs that came to her in the guise of reparations, a crisis not experienced again in either scope or intensity up to 1918 and the end of the World War. Great Britain, on the other hand, was foresighted enough, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, to cancel the Napoleonic war debts, in order to escape "inflation."

As different as these instances are in character and nature, they all show the danger of "inflation," of an artificial stimulant which all but ruins the respective industries or nations it is supposed to aid. They all show that free and unhampered competition is by far the most effective medium of building up an economic unit, whether it is the entire economic system of a country, or a single branch, such as the merchant marine.

The advocates of a strong American merchant marine have disregarded the warnings of these precedents at every turn. They have disregarded economic principles, and, instead of building up a merchant fleet on the strength of its competitive ability, they have simply brought about a state of inflation in the shipbuilding industry. The latter branch is one of the very few which are prosperous in the midst of depression. Completed ship construction was, in 1928, about 164,000 gross tons, rose in 1929 to 209,000 and, during *seven* months of 1930, to nearly 200,000 gross tons. The increasing volume of construction in progress is shown by the amount of tonnage under contract or building on July 1, 1928: 264,000 tons; July 1, 1929: 170,000 tons; and July 1, 1930: 487,000 tons.

The consensus of opinion runs like this: "We have the trade. Give us the ships and watch our merchant marine grow to supremacy on the seven seas!" They have obtained the necessary funds and are building ships; but they have robbed this same merchant marine of its strongest weapon — competitive strength. It is said that this merchant marine

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can not compete in either ship-building or ship-operating with foreign nations without Government help. This is true. But with such aid, the strong weapon of its competitive ability is the reflection, not of the ship-builders or the shippers, but of the force which stands *behind* the whole shipping development: the economic supremacy of the United States and the dominant influence of its foreign trade.

Frequently reference is made to the British, the German, the French and Italian merchant fleets, and to the way in which they have been created, which is identical with the manner and principle characteristic of the protagonists of an American merchant marine. Yet, the foreign merchant fleets developed under conditions quite different from those existing today in the United States. The British fleet originated within the scope of an economic empire. While American industry has prospered and is prospering on the strength of a continental unit — the United States — an American merchant marine has no *empire* at its disposal.

THE German merchant fleet, again, grew on the crest of a powerful imperialistic wave. It was decisively supported by its industry, colonies and a very worth while emigrants' business; but it never developed on a purely national foundation. None of these factors (with, perhaps, the exception of colonies — and American colonial trade is, for the most part, of the protected, coastwise variety) enters into the present position of the American merchant marine. Before the war, national forces guided shipping development. There was a distinct difference between German and British and French shipping. But there was never a country whose foreign trade had been taken care of by alien merchant fleets to the extent of sixty per cent or sixty-five per cent. From a national frame shipping has grown into an international scope, and the background of a national merchant marine in 1931 is very different from what it was in 1913.

THE theory of developing the American merchant marine is fundamentally misconceived. It is not based on sound economic reasoning, but on patriotism (which pays no dividends to either the nation or the people), on certain group interests (which may consider the proposition a profitable one) and on a misconception of economic principles. I remember talking once with a man who was an outstanding figure in national merchant marine affairs, at the time when the Jones-White Act filled the front pages of the American newspapers. "Thank God," he remarked, "our shipping industry is coming into its own."

"Shipping industry?" I asked. "You mean ship-*building* industry?"

"No," he answered, "I positively mean shipping industry! Surely a commercial undertaking, such as shipping, with a merchant fleet of nearly 14,000,000 gross tons, with approximately 1,800 ships carrying on foreign trade over ninety-six trade routes from the United States to practically every part of the world, can not be anything else *but* an industry?" (Incidentally, he included tankers, etc., in this classification.)

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Apparently we have not only a shipping industry, then, but also a subway industry, a railroad industry, a trolley, a bus, and a ferry-boat industry, according to this logic, and, for all we know, we may soon be blessed with a Zeppelin industry. The truth is that all these are transportation systems and not industries. They are connecting links between the office and the home, the factory and the apartment, between countries producing raw materials and domestic industries, between industrial centres of the United States and overseas markets. But to define them as "industries" would be as logical as calling a single house a colony or a piece of machinery a factory.

ORDINARILY, it would not matter whether we labeled any particular enterprise as an industry, or a botanical garden or an amusement park, provided it fulfilled its functions successfully and yielded a handsome profit. This case, however, is different, because the denomination of the shipping branch as an "industry" has given rise to the misconceived attitude of the protagonists of a powerful merchant marine and has led to a development which must necessarily end in disappointment.

The propagandists of an American merchant marine, going strong in 1931, are thinking in terms which were true of the beginning of the Twentieth Century. They think they have to sell something, namely space. But, as we shall see later, there is considerably more tonnage in the world than is good for the interests of the merchant marine fleets of the world. It is not the question to sell space — let alone to create space — but to fill the existing space with cargo. As long as one insists on calling shipping an industry, he will automatically harbor the mistaken idea of selling something.

The attitude of the merchant marine advocates is that ships alone are needed in order to work miracles for American shipping. There is, however, a surplus tonnage of 7,500,000 throughout the world, and idle ships rust in docks and yards and harbors to the amount of 5,000,000 tons. To turn to the United States, the present keen competition among domestic and foreign shipping interests in this country seems to indicate that there are many more ships entering and leaving American ports than are needed for the transportation of goods and passengers.

The question, therefore, is not one of ships, but of who shall get the cargo. Today foreign lines are getting most of it, because they have better and faster ships. And if the United States can trump the foreigners in this respect, the fond belief is that business will automatically revert to American ships. Hence the cry, "Give us the ships!"

BUT the American merchant marine would not have the last word. Foreign ship lines are also determined. While the American fleet is fighting for *new* business, the British, German, French and Italian fleets are fighting to keep the business they have had for decades. Quite naturally, there is no law to prevent any one's taking it away from them; but it is not likely that they will let it go without a struggle. It is probably no exaggeration to

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expect that foreign competition will move heaven and earth to maintain its present status in the American shipping market. Their resources are by no means negligible. Great Britain, France, Germany and even Italy boast of a foreign trade which, to a considerable extent, supports their merchant marines. They also have the finest and fastest boats on the seas today. If this advantage should be wrung from their hands through American Government subsidies and through American shipbuilding genius, foreign lines will put up a fight. In the end the struggle would amount to more tonnage, keener competition and lower rates — in short, the survival of the fittest.

WE ARE assured that American business will naturally ship in American vessels, once they are brought up to date. But this qualifying phrase must be added: *all other things being equal*. And it is hard to see how they can be equal. If European lines offer more advantageous rates, the business will go to them, and their ships will carry the cargo. If the American merchant fleet tops competitive rates, business will reconsider. But business will not and can not be relied upon as a steady supporter of the merchant marine *ambition*. Being neither altruistic nor philanthropic, it will patronize the shipping lines that offer the greatest advantages in the way of rates and efficiency. Thus far it has shown no tendency to develop an American merchant marine (else over sixty per cent of American foreign trade would not travel on foreign ships); why should it change its attitude in the future, if such change would involve higher rates and, consequently, higher production or distribution costs? Yet the ship-building programme presupposes the whole-hearted support of the American foreign trade interests.

Thus, two mistaken ideas make the stand of the merchant marine advocates decidedly insecure: first, that only ships (which are already as plentiful as the sands at Coney Island) are necessary in order to assure the success of the new venture; and, second, that the cargo will automatically transfer itself to American ships. This is a true parallel to the pre-depression conception of American manufacturers: "Let's turn out goods in mass-production; let's offer them at reasonable prices, and watch the crowds storm the retail stores!" We have seen some part of the crowd, apparently misunderstanding the manufacturers' slogan, storming, not the stores, but the banks.

INDUSTRY has lived to see the day when the outstanding issue is not *production*, but *consumption;* when the manufacturer, before starting the moving belt of production, delves into the mysteries of sales possibilities, and limits his output strictly to the estimate of his merchandizing experts.

The merchant marine advocates will live to see the day when not ships, but cargo, will guide the destinies of merchant marine development. The shipping and the shipbuilding branches have, aside from rates, nothing to say about who gets the freight business. Here we come to the real weapon of the American merchant marine. Who actually con-

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trols the freight business? The exporters, the importers, the manufacturers. How can their business be hooked up with the merchant marine?

The present attitude of the fist-shaking merchant fleet rooters is not unlike Don Quixote's engagement with the wings of a peaceful windmill. They are battling merchant fleets on the seven seas instead of looking around in their own home. For the point of resistance is not to be found abroad, but in their own country. The merchant marine musketeers do not have for their ultimate goal to sweep the American shipping market clean of all foreign vessels; they want merely a share of the American foreign trade business.

How much the ultimate goal of the merchant marine is misunderstood, may be seen from the fact that all the talk is about ships, foreign and domestic, while the foreign trade interests, which must be considered the "customers of mercantile shipping," are pretty much neglected in the discussion. The merchant marine is still young, but it is a pity that it should go through the same bitter experiences, in order to develop, as have other economic branches — industry, railroads, banking, mining, etc. — and that it should make the same mistake of charging all that the traffic can bear.

Up-to-date shipping interests will have to adopt the modern conception of consumption, of demand, of customers' consideration. The American shipper's mind will have to change from that of a producer to that of a consumer. He will have to think in the terms of the man he wants to ship in his vessels.

And this prospective shipper has very definite interests. It is probably easier in the shipping field than in any other branch to meet the demands of customers, for the reason that no market has to be *created*. It is already there, consisting of exporters and importers, of the countries from which raw materials come, and the markets to which American goods are sent. All that is needed is *contact* with these different interests. Then the foundation on which an American merchant marine can grow to really unassailable strength will be built of definite schedules to definite countries, of certain types of vessels built specially for different commodities, such as automobiles, etc., of definite rates, of agreements with foreign competitors and so on.

If a manufacturer of, say, rayon finds himself in the midst of over-production (as they all do) and if he thinks of ways and means to get back to profitable work, the chances are that, for the time being, he will not be interested in turning out more rayon products but will concentrate on possibilities to increase the demand. This study of the *demand* for space must, by necessity, be the Alpha and Omega of those interested in a strong American merchant fleet.

The direction in which the master minds of the merchant marine development are steering now is against the wind. The breeze swells the sails of the European fleets going the other way. Only when the captains shift into an opposite direction will the sails of the American merchant marine swell lustily in the powerful gale of American foreign trade coöperation.

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What's Left for the Novelist?

By Struthers Burt

With plot outmoded and action relegated to the detective story, Mr. Burt still thinks there is an "important, exciting and dour job"

Once upon a time, and not so long ago, at the end of every author's garden, and if he hadn't a garden, in the then equivalent of his kitchenette, lived a leprechaun (I would have said fairy if the word were not in disrepute), and whenever the author was planning a new book, he called the leprechaun up to him, and it, he, or she came bearing a basket filled with plots. There were all kinds of plots, dewy and nestling and like violets newly picked, and the author, smiling to himself, selected one that he thought would suit his central idea, for even then, if he was a serious author, the idea of his book was primary and the plot subsidiary.

It was a very lovely period for the author, but it is gone.

Not only is there hardly a plot left, but there are no more leprechauns. Even the Irish are losing their faith in the latter now that Ireland is a self-contained, self-governing land. Life, almost within the past five years, so sudden has been the actual change, has become almost entirely a relative matter, without any discernible pattern and practically no standards or traditions which go unchallenged. Statements and descriptions, and beliefs that twenty years ago would have shocked even the youngest of the present day mature, are now accepted blandly by the mature and complacently by the mature's surviving grandmothers. There is little left of that ancient conflict — of the generations, of classes, of ideas, of the religious instinct, and other instincts — which afforded the novelist of the Victorian period so rich a field. The world at present is a very implicit world, marking time and waiting to see what will happen next. Every one knows almost everything there is to be known, and there is not much to get excited about.

I say every one knows almost everything that can be known and there is not much conflict. I mean, of course, that this is true among the modern-minded who represent about twenty per cent of the world's population and from whom come all the books worth reading. The remaining eighty per cent need not be taken into consideration, for,

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as always, this remaining eighty per cent is living anywhere from twenty to fifty years behind its more enlightened fellows. The conflicts and opinions of this eighty per cent are not apt literary material and, if used at all, can only be used as folk-tales, for the purposes of satire, or as background. You could not, for instance, nowadays make your hero or heroine a Prohibitionist and have your hero's (or heroine's, for even the most earnest Prohibitionist has at length been forced to admit that the fair sex every now and then takes a snifter); you could not nowadays make your hero or heroine a Prohibitionist and have his or her conflict revolve about the question of whether a glass of port should be substituted for the daily six or seven coca-colas. If you did this, you would alienate the sympathies of most people intelligent enough to read. Such anachronisms as Prohibition can only be treated by direct attack; that is, by the article or essay. Even the backward eighty per cent living in the past is too sceptical, too aware vaguely of what is going on about it, to be enthralled or convinced by such conflicts. There may be Methodists, but they don't want to read about Methodists. Such plots as *Ten Nights in a Bar Room* are no longer possible even to the backward eighty per cent.

FURTHERMORE, this backward eighty per cent is not apt literary material, except historically, because it represents a vanishing past. It is not a definite viewpoint as, let us say, monarchy was at one time, to which the world might, or might not, return. It has no validity; the bottom has been knocked out of it. It is merely backwardism and twenty years from now most of this eighty per cent will have accepted, without knowing why, what the enlightened part of humanity has already accepted. Meanwhile, the enlightened part of humanity will have moved on another twenty years.

DEFINITELY and surely at least ten great beliefs, political and social and moral and religious, have gone out of the world, just as yellow-fever and diphtheria and a dozen other epidemics are practically extinct, and although there may be temporary reactions, there can not again be any universal plague unless some human cataclysm makes us forget all we have ever learned, as the descent of the Barbarians made Europe for a while forget the civilization and learning of Greece and Rome. This does not mean, of course, that we haven't new follies and new prejudices and new diseases to take the place of those we have conquered, but that is another question.

It has been stated, although I have never been able to verify this statement, and I am not sure that any one else can, that there are only about nine basic plots and that all of these were known to the Egyptians. However that may be, it is true that there aren't many basic plots, although the variations upon these have been countless. And it is further true that practically all these plots, or, in other words, conflicts, have their rise in some convention; in some rule of the race that is not connected with the individual needs or desires or good — or bad — of a particular person or group. War

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always furnishes an immense plot because war cares nothing for the individual.

Some of the other basic plots are the conflict between the generations; the rise from a hostile background and against adverse circumstances of a young man or woman; the religious impulse, and so on. But of course the greatest plot, and the one upon which most variations have been rung, has been the separation of lovers; Paris and Helen, Pyramus and Thisbe, Galahad and Guinevere, Tristan and Iseult, Héloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, Francesca and Paola — a thousand unhappy lovers all through the ages who have been kept apart by this, that, or the other, or who, if coming together for an instant, have been separated again by the inevitable tragedy consequent upon such reunions. The world has been far more interested in unhappy lovers than in happy lovers, perhaps realizing the fundamental contrariness of man, especially the male part of it, and the mournful fact that it is usually what we can not get that makes us great and interesting. Renunciation has been one of the major subsidiary themes of this major situation. About ten years ago renunciation largely disappeared from the world.

These lovers, unhappy and unsatisfied, pale, sweet ghosts of history, were separated by a score of varying circumstances. When it came to fiction, the author had but to pick his circumstances and he didn't have to do that with much care. Almost any set of circumstances would do. There was to begin with the stern parent, or perhaps it was a difference in class — King Cophetua and the beggar maid, or the heiress and the butcher boy, later the chauffeur — or perhaps it was an inherited disease of some kind, insanity or tuberculosis, or the young man, eligible in every other respect, was poor and too proud to marry a rich girl; there were a score of different ways in which you could separate your lovers and then, in the last breathless moment, bring them together, or else keep them separated and thus produce a gentle tragedy. At all events, here was your plot to keep your readers interested while, at the same time, you were injecting into their unconscious veins whatever idea was uppermost in your mind; the prison reforms of Charles Reade, or the social reforms of Charles Dickens, or the social satire of William Thackeray.

For make no mistake. And pay no attention to what critics, usually ignorant, have to say. There has never been a great novel written which did not have back of it an idea, although this idea should never be insistent or point any but an implicit moral. It is upon the horns of this dilemma that all serious novelists are forced to sit.

When one emerged from the realm of young, unmarried lovers, there was still a huge field left; a far greater field, as a matter of fact, and a far more colorful one. Here the theme of renunciation came into its own, unless one were a Frenchman, when, instead of renunciation, one substituted intrigue. But in Anglo-Saxon nations, until a scant ten years ago, it was never admitted that there ever had been in the history of

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the world such a thing as happy and successful adultery. Even now this is seldom admitted in the United States, although for a decade the English have been hinting at it. However, as in the United States divorce takes the place of adultery, and few people seem to realize that there is little difference, there is no need for us to spend time on a possible new form of plot that seems to have little chance of ever becoming native. Even the necessary reticences and evasions and nuances and agonies of adultery have been taken away from the novelist, because, nowadays, people just go out and get a divorce. There is not much conflict here. In the words of the old lady who saw Niagara for the first time, and wasn't much impressed by it, "What's to hinder?"

THERE are no longer any stern parents left, or, if they are stern, nobody pays any attention to them. There is little definite sense of class. There is a sense of class, of course, and always will be, but it is an individual matter and not a social one. The King Cophetuas of today realize that, as a general rule, due entirely to upbringing and not to any actual difference in clay, most beggar maids would not make them congenial wives, but, should they meet a beggar maid who, in their opinion, would make them a congenial wife, the fact that she is a beggar maid would mean nothing to them. It is the same way with the heiress and the butcher boy. As for insanity or tuberculosis, due to a somewhat widespread knowledge of how to limit the population, lovers no longer suffer, whether they seek the sanction of the church or not. And poor young men, or poor young girls, are no longer too proud to marry. If a rich member of the opposite sex wishes to make them a bridegroom or bride, why not? All this is very sensible, but it is hard on the novelist. The great theme of renunciation has today become practically non-existent. Try to put it in a story or a novel and see what happens. Even the moralist will surprise you by being unconvinced. One of the oddest experiences that can befall a novelist is to put in a novel a renunciatory character only to find the contempt and dislike in which that character is held by all men and women no matter how rigid they may be in their own lives.

The core of this type of plot was destroyed when virginity became a question of personal predilection and common sense, and not the earth-shaking social problem that it had always been heretofore. Nowadays there are no "ruined women" unless they want to be ruined. Or rather, a ruined woman, just like a ruined man, is the product of a series of circumstances due to certain faults of character or mentality, not the product of one moment of recklessness, or ignorance, or deceit.

ONCE again — humanity has lifted itself by its bootstraps to a position of greater trust and humanness and decency, but it is hard on the story-teller.

One is not so foolish, of course, as to imagine that virginity is no longer a thing of importance, or that the stock of virgins has appreciably diminished. This is a pathetic fallacy indulged in by the mature who have

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little opportunity for personal observation. Such a physical, or spiritual, or, if you will, mental state, will always remain a problem of taste, dignity, farsightedness and fastidiousness, but it is no longer a moral or social problem; it has become a problem for personal decision and essentially the business of the person concerned. The modern parent does not turn his erring daughter out of doors, no matter what he, or she, may privately think, and the modern husband does not shoot his wife when he finds her *in flagrante delicto*, no matter how much his finger itches for the trigger.

In short, the modern man and woman no longer act according to a code that may, or may not have, something to do with the immediate circumstances. We have no longer, in fiction or life, those terrible, but for fictional purposes admirable and simple figures, "the father" and "the husband," and "the wife." For the first time, possibly, in its history, the world has accepted publicly what many people have always privately known, and that is that circumstances do alter cases and that the circumstances are frequently more important than the act. You can not have the epic father, or the epic husband, and so on, because you can never tell just how any father, or husband, is going to act under a given set of circumstances. It is fascinating to see people playing the father, or the husband, or the wife, with all the traditional gestures and the cold-blooded emptiness of the rôles, but it is no longer convincing.

Even those great plots that have little to do with young lovers, and less with older ones, have gone down. An Horatio Alger of today would have a hard time earning his living. The poor boy who through all sorts of hardship and discouragements wins to love, fortune and fame, does not thrill us as he did. If we want that sort of thing we turn to the biography of Mr. Bok or some other actual narrative. But even biographies of success are losing their charm as we realize more and more that real success by no means consists in money, power, or the hand of some juvenile female. It is after the last "success" that a man's history usually begins, and no matter how rich a man may be or how powerful, what counts is what goes on inside his brain. Success is the question of adjustment to life in all its facets; money and power are only two facets.

Action, too, has lost its fictional validity. By the inevitable paradox, there is now so much action in the world that it is no longer of much moment. The young can not conceive of a day when there were not airplanes, automobiles and submarines. We no longer are in rebellion against taxicabs, as were the older generations, nor are we any longer enraptured by mere speed as we were immediately after the war. The virgin no longer falls because "she must have experience," nor do we feel that we are embarking upon an adventure when we embark in a passenger plane. We embark in passenger planes quite implicitly and casually, and if the virgin falls, it is not through a desire for "experience," or to prove some revolutionary point, but because, under the

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circumstances, she thinks it a wise and just performance.

This loss of validity of action in serious fiction accounts for our turning to detective stories when we want action. Although it is no longer possible for us to believe in ghost stories or fairy stories, we are still forced to believe, alas, in gunmen and detectives.

But what then is left for the serious novelist? Left in this relative world in which there are no longer many discernible patterns and hardly any unchallenged traditions? Well, it seems to me, a great deal. More, perhaps, than ever before in the history of fiction or of life. There is no doubt that we stand at a parting of the ways; on the edge of new horizons; and as some Frenchman said — I wish I could remember quotations, but I can't — perhaps, having completed so much of material discovery, we have now cleared the way for the greatest and most exciting exploration of all, man himself. We know almost all there is to be known about the North Pole, the South, the jungles and machinery, but we are still children when it comes to ourselves. Possibly now we will have time to find out what we are really like.

It is not, for example, of interest that a man enters a taxicab. It is still of interest, but not paramount, what he sees from the windows of the taxicab; but the deepest interest consists in the decisions, great or small, which he makes between the time he enters the taxicab and the time he gets out; decisions that he may act upon at once, or within the next hour, or the next week, or throughout all his life. Even after death, for all we know.

The objective side of this, what the man sees from the windows of his taxicab, apparently unrelated glimpses, colorful and exciting, and yet actually, if not discernibly, related by that strange web we call life, is already beginning to be done by those modern objectivists like Hemingway. This is valid, this is actual, this is fine and this is true. It is something stirringly new. But the mind of the man in the taxicab is still waiting to be done, and it is the only subjective form of writing that before long will have the slightest trace of realism.

But, you say, what is this but the ancient "stream of consciousness," once new, not so very long ago, but now no longer new? It is not the "stream of consciousness" which, at its best, was always irritatingly aloof from actual happenings, and scratchingly egotistic, but the "stream of consciousness" related to actual happenings and acted upon by the present day environment and its compulsions.

You will have noticed that I used the word "decisions," and in the use of that word lies all the difference between what should be the modern subjective school and the useful, but by now overworked and antedated school of the "stream of consciousness." With the increase, the perfection, and the subjection of the mechanistic — the pushing of it, that is, into our accustomed background; with the dissolving of all old patterns, so that a man no longer refers back to them; man, for all his laziness and stupidity, has been

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forced to become, alone and unaided, a creature of multiple decisions, instantaneous, many of them, many of them equally irrevocable. Take the simplest example of all, and one, of course, in which many philosophical flaws can be picked. Give a moron a Ford car and tell him to drive ten miles and before he has got through he will have made a half dozen decisions; either that, or else he will be dead. But imagine this moron increased to the stature of an intelligent man or woman, and imagine then the number of decisions, many of them having nothing to do with a motor car, that will have been made in a day's driving. All over this huge country, and all over the world today, there are countless millions of men and women, in cars and out of them, making these decisions, and the sum total of these decisions is what the world will be fifty years from now.

REMEMBER that they are a new kind of decision. In feudal days you made most of your decisions in accordance with the concepts of the class to which you belonged and within the pattern that had been laid down for you by countless generations. First you made your decision according to God, or, at least, what the priesthood told you God wanted, then you made your decision as a king, or an earl, or a merchant, or a serf; then you made your decision as a father, or husband, or a son; finally, at the very end, you made your decision as a human being. But usually by the time that decision was reached there was startlingly little humanity left. Philip II of Spain was actually a gentle, and melancholy, and kindly man, and he wept over the victims of his *autos-da-fé* and wished them God-speed and a happy journey.

Nor was this method of making decisions greatly altered until within — one may almost dare to say — the last decade. It is almost impossible for us to realize, even those of us who have seen the change, how cataclysmic it has been and how swift; the majority of the world still does not know that the change has occurred. The majority of the world still refers back the odd, new things it does to patterns that have dissolved. Up until the war people still functioned as kings, or earls, or merchants, or peasants; as "ladies" or "gentlemen," not realizing that you can not possibly be a lady or gentleman until you are first a woman, or a man, and that you can not possibly be a woman or a man until you stand upon your own feet and without fear or favor make your own decisions. Not realizing, in short, that gentleness and any sort of a rigid code are incompatible, and that the heart of gentleness is the consideration of all the evidence and all the circumstances. Tempering the wind to the shorn lamb is one of the shortest cuts known toward becoming an actual aristocrat.

THIS is not intellectual, or moral, or spiritual anarchy as so many of our leading clergymen imagine. It might be if the human race were not to be trusted, but I agree with Winston Churchill when he says, "Follies which tend toward vice encounter at every stage in healthy communities enormous checks and corrections from the inherent sanity

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of human nature." And in fact, I believe so much in this inherent sanity, this almost categorical imperative, that I am enraptured that the human race is at last out of diapers.

Nor am I even depressed as a novelist. The novelist no longer has a leprechaun bearing a basket filled with dewy plots; instead he has an important, exciting and dour job. The last traces of the minstrel have departed from him. It is not his business any longer to amuse tired kings or tired business men, and the fact is proven by the increasing importance of the serious novelist in the scheme of life and the increasing attention paid to him. He is one of the leading explorers in this new expedition to find out what man is, and why.

At the Clavier

By Faith Vilas

He drops the seed of music on the land,
In fields of furrowed ebony, ivory-cold.
The flowers his fingers free, no stem can hold:
Long after the up-flight of his sentient hand,
Adrift in air, they linger . . . to unfold.

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A Marriage Clinic

By Helen Weigel Brown

Los Angeles has a solution for the family troubles of its citizens, poor as well as rich

Out in California there's a certain gentleman who pays monthly bills of some three hundred dollars to his wife's psychologist-adviser. He's a rather comfortably-fixed individual, let us hasten to explain, to whom it does not mean exactly financial ruin to allow his wife what might seem to some of us such downright luxury. But, as he puts it, "It's worth it, take it from a husband who knows. It keeps her happy, and when she's happy it simplifies things a lot for me. Because when she's *un*happy, there are squabbles, and bills from nerve specialists, and sudden trips to Europe, and no end of things like that. It's sort of a case of six of one and a dozen of the other. Give me the psychologist at three hundred a month any time, bless him!"

Now of course all of us married people can't go paying psychologists three hundred a month to keep us in a blithesome mood. Neither could we, if we felt the worm of discontent gnawing at us, go running to nerve specialists, or trekking off to Europe. Nor do all of us, anyway, need constant bolstering up to convince us that we're reasonably happy about our marriages just as they stand. And if we did need such bolstering, it probably wouldn't take the three hundred dollars' worth per month that the hyper-emotional California lady feels called upon to indulge in.

But there are those of us, without a doubt, who do need some sort of sage counselling on our marriage enigmas. Some of us, of course, don't mind hashing over the whole distressing situation, *ad lib.*, with our business associates, our golfing friends, our relatives, or even with the next-door ladies who always seem deliriously happy to have us pour the harrowing details into their receptive ears. Some of us don't mind that at all, and so have found therein a convenient escape valve for pent-up emotions, and a place to unload many a soul-burden. But on the other hand, some of us do mind, and would rather die martyr to the cause of matrimony than have our private troubles bandied about among too-eager-eared friends and relatives.

What's the solution? To get at the basic cause of the trouble, of course. For no mate makes himself or herself difficult to live with

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out of pure "meanness." There's a reason behind it, whether it be mental, emotional, or physical. But to get at that cause by way of scientific means — that is, through the help of physicians, neurologists, psychoanalysts or psychologists — is expensive. And matrimonial difficulties so often go hand-in-hand with financial troubles that such a course is very often impossible. Sometimes we could even ferret out the hidden difficulty of our own accord, if we could only bring the troubles out for a good, confidential airing once in so often. For though psychoanalysis is a very complicated science indeed, its basic principle originated in the discovery of Sigmund Freud that certain disturbing factors persist unconsciously, while rejected consciously. In other words, "talking it out" often brings to view a lot of concealed "worriers" that, pulled out into the light of day and calm reasoning, sometimes prove to be nothing more than mares' nests. And at other times, of course, they might prove even more serious than we had imagined.

THEREFORE, a confidential "clinic" where "patients" suffering from any of the hundred-and-one causes of matrimonial frictions and fracases might go to have their ills diagnosed by real scientists, seems to us to be about the happiest solution to date. And the Institute of Family Relations, recently opened in Los Angeles is just such a clinic — where it costs little or nothing, depending entirely upon one's financial condition, to receive scientific advice and aid in marital problems.

This Institute, called for short the "Marriage Clinic," represents the first organized attempt in the United States to concentrate all of the resources of modern science on the problems of home life. There is no quackery, no fad-ism about this Clinic. Conducted on a non-profit basis, it is a purely scientific organization whose sole aim is to promote more successful marriage and parenthood. Its counsellors include four of the city's most outstanding psychologists; four equally distinguished physicians. Its director, Dr. Paul Popenoe, is a noted scientist who has written many books on modern social problems. His assistant, Mrs. L. C. Bagg, is a social worker of long experience. All of these altruistic people, offering their services without remuneration, are sincerely interested in helping couples to realize happier married lives.

IN ADDITION to the services of its directors and counsellors, the Marriage Clinic works in close cooperation with the city's religious agencies, social agencies, and with the Child Guidance Clinic and the Legal Aid Clinic of the University of Southern California. Thus, a broad classification of the Clinic's services would include: psychological counsel; medical counsel; legal counsel; religious counsel; consultation on the adoption of children; investigation of individual problems of heredity — a group of services that should be successful in solving the most involved marriage problem!

Not that the Marriage Clinic assumes for a moment that all marriages are unhappy, that every husband and wife harbor a secret longing

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for freedom. On the contrary, an extensive survey made by the Clinic through questionnaires sent to a large number of intelligent married couples discloses the fact that only about fifteen to twenty-five per cent of them are unhappy in their marriages. And the Clinic is concerned only with this unhappy minority — a minority whose unhappiness has been found to be the result of four often quite curable causes: sexual maladjustment; difference of opinion as to how the couple's leisure shall be spent; financial difficulties; and mental, physical or emotional abnormalities.

The first of these — sexual maladjustment — while most frequently the cause behind cases of marital unhappiness brought to the attention of the Clinic, is often the most simple of cure. Sometimes it is only a matter of education in the fundamental principles of physiology and psychology; other cases demand medical attention; and some are the results of misunderstandings and misconceptions built up in early life — misunderstandings that must be analyzed and traced to their sources before the individual can be made to see his error.

DISAGREEMENT over how a couple's leisure time should be spent is one of the numerous modern ailments that might be lumped under the heading, "Ordeals of Civilization." To keep up with the Joneses (or, more frequently, with the Van Astorbilts a step or so above the Joneses) young husbands, unless they are heirs, have to throw a good portion of their mental and physical energy into the increasingly serious business of making money. Which leaves almost every hardworking John Brown anything but agog for excitement by the time he gets home of an evening. His wife, who has been in all day, is just as likely to be a-twitter to get out into the social whirl, or to make culture hum at some elevating lecture or exhibit. And upon her every suggestion to that effect, John turns a cold and glassy eye of disinterest.

So the battle is on. Sometimes John wins, and sometimes his wife emerges victorious. Sometimes John goes to bed and his wife goes out anyway, with some other John who has already made his money. But however the decision, a constant state of conflict, such as this important question stirs up, isn't exactly conducive to married bliss. And some sort of a compromise has to be made, or the divorce court is liable to settle it for all time.

THE Marriage Clinic is constantly busy with just such compromises — compromises which in many cases are not half so difficult to arrive at as they might seem. Maybe a husband proves not so much tired as just the victim of a habit of going into a mental and physical slump the moment his eyes light upon his easy chair and the newest detective novel. Perhaps if his wife should choose, occasionally, an evening's entertainment that would be unusually interesting and stimulating to him, she could rescue him from his nightly hibernations.

Or a wife may find that she needs some other interest, some activity more creative than just running her home. And finding that the usual afternoon bridge or tea far from

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fills the need, she looks to her husband for intellectual stimulation in their evenings, forgetting that he has been turning out mental energy a good part of his day. Of course she needs the mental stimulation, and we don't blame her a bit for despairing of finding it in the more frothy feminine social affairs. But there are countless ways in which she could solve that matter without bringing a tired husband into it at all. Recently, the writer asked a young wife her reason for taking a certain study course two afternoons a week.

"Oh, just to keep myself out of mischief, I guess," she answered.

WHICH long ago struck the Marriage Clinic as not a bad idea. They feel that if more young wives (and older wives, too) who feel the urge to be "doing something" could realize the value of keeping their minds alert and "out of mischief" by learning more about some subject in which they are particularly interested, there would be a lot less discontent with hard-working husbands and their social and cultural shortcomings. Most cities provide some sort of evening high school classes, Y. W. C. A. courses, or similar study opportunities; and then there are the hundreds of correspondence courses that can be taken through the big universities of the country, that are not costly, and are extremely worthwhile. Even the "Reading with a Purpose" booklets that one finds in most of the public libraries are splendid guides to self-conducted reading courses in almost any subject — art, music, literature, journalism, child guidance, etc. All of these means of further education have been prescribed by the Marriage Clinic, and found valuable in solving the problem of the restless wife who rightfully seeks something more than her home and family to occupy her active mind. And in most cases, this sort of intellectual stimulation has not only made her happier and more satisfied with her lot, but a far more helpful, more understanding companion to her husband.

OF COURSE, some husbands and wives are both unconsciously to blame for their disappointment in marriage, their complete lack of mutual interests. Both are the victims of a machine-age get-rich-quick-at-all-cost philosophy that makes a wife prod her husband to more slavery in his business, because she sees social success ahead; and convinces him that she is right, because the prodding fits in with his ambition to belong to "big business," to be a financial success. Meanwhile, he is sacrificing his youth and his health and his capacity for enjoying leisure; and she is finding her interests away from home, and apart from him. And then they wonder why they are disappointed in the institution called marriage, and come to the Marriage Clinic for a little enlightenment, remembering the days when life and marriage seemed so much more interesting and worthy of the struggle. And if they can just be convinced of the wisdom of stopping and asking themselves, "Well, after all, what are money and social position going to mean, if we've sacrificed health and companionship and happiness to get them?" the problem is all solved, and the family lives happily ever after, even if it does live a

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little less hectically, and a little less conspicuously.

Financial difficulties bring with them a long train of dire results and almost endless complaints. Some wives think their husbands live too much in the future, salting away most of their income for the rainy day; some husbands accuse their wives of the same hoarding propensities. Some husbands squander all of their pay on the stock market, on betting, or drinking; and some wives can make an entire pay check stage a neat disappearing act within two days after receipt. Some husbands insist upon bundling home expensive radio "innards" for spare-time tinkering, at the expense of outstanding household bills; and some wives simply can't resist a new dress or hat when the family budget is already far overspent.

And does it ever occur to some of us, who are bothered mostly about too little income, that *too much* money can also make for marital unhappiness? It can — and does — as witness many such cases that come to the Clinic. For too much social life, too many luxuries, a constant frantic searching for new amusements, new pastimes, can make a husband and wife lose sight of the mutual interests and companionship (for which they ostensibly married) almost as quickly as poverty can worry a husband and wife into the same state of affairs.

And so it goes — and it's up to the Marriage Clinic to solve just such knotty problems — problems which may at times seem insignificant, but which can quickly grow into definite matrimonial hazards.

In some cases, the Clinic has had to put a young wife into the hands of a home economics expert, who leads her back into the path of home-making virtue, and teaches her the important lesson that outgo should be budgeted to fall a bit under income. In other cases, where husbands have sunk deep into the bog of financial scrapes, through unwise business deals, they are sent to a competent lawyer or banker, who advises them how to get back on an even footing, and how to avoid future disasters.

Sometimes both husband and wife can be brought together for a confidential heart-to-heart talk with the Clinic director, and are made to see where one has been selfish or thoughtless in his or her disregard of the other, in money matters, and can be brought around to a friendly agreement as to how the finances shall be handled in the future. And sometimes, in the case where there is too much money, the couple simply needs to be guided to some more permanent, more worth while mutual interest, such as the adoption of a child, some form of public philanthropy, or perhaps some purely intellectual interest.

Physical, mental, and emotional abnormalities the Clinic finds underlying a large percentage of the cases of marital unhappiness brought there for counselling — abnormalities that are sometimes not even suspected by the couple. Some cases are simply impossible of help — an inherited mental quirk giving rise to jealousies and suspicion may make a mate plainly impossible to live with for a lifetime; but often there are such cases, where the abnormality

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has not been inherited, that quickly respond to treatment.

Take, for example, the case of poor Mrs. M., who was just positive that her husband had suddenly developed a hatred for her, and even for their children. Out of a clear sky, he had begun picking, then scolding, then haranguing, and finally took to violent fits of anger. Not being able to solve the riddle through Mrs. M., the Clinic asked her to send her husband in, which she did. Mr. M. was glad of the opportunity to talk the matter over, himself, for, as he explained it, he was anxious to know, just for his own satisfaction, what had been making him feel so irascible and "down-right ornery." His talk with the Clinic director seemed to indicate that conditions at home were not unfavorable; his business was going well enough. The next step was obviously a complete physical examination, which examination, to his and his wife's amazement, revealed a serious nervous disease, already in an advanced state and irritating enough to have made him commit anything short of mayhem.

Having located the well-spring of his "temper" that had been breaking up his home, he is now under competent treatment by his own physician, and is promised complete recovery. Needless to say, his home life is looking considerably brighter; his wife, now that she understands the strain under which he has been, is more sympathetic and helpful; and the children, two boys, are finding once more the affectionate and companionable father they had thought was lost forever.

Or take the strange case of Mrs. W., a distraught young wife who burst into the Clinic one day to pour out a distressing tale of how her hitherto model husband had all of a sudden taken to drinking — not just mild, sociable drinking, but hard drinking — regular bouts, that would eat up a good portion of his salary each time. After which he would come reeling home to smash up any furniture he could lay hands on, deliver long orations from the front porch, to the glee and excitement of the neighbors, and, on occasion, indulge in assault and battery upon any one present, including his three small children. Then he would go off into a mood of despondency that would last sometimes for days.

His wife had tried reasoning, pleading, threatening, but to no gain. The drinking went on, family resources lessened, and the gap between them grew wider and nearer to divorce. Not that she wanted a divorce — she still loved her husband, and in his sober moments he was always desperately sorry for his actions and pleaded forgiveness. But something had to be done soon — there were the children to be considered as well as herself.

The Clinic could reach no solution through his wife, so she was advised to send him in, if he could be in any way inveigled into it. He did come, about a week after his wife's visit. To make a long story shorter — for it did develop into a very long story, taking a matter of some months to straighten out — the young husband proved, on interview, to be a highly sensitive, retiring, moody chap, the sort of person who had probably packed a chronic inferiority complex

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around with him most of his life. After many long and friendly talks with a psychologist, he finally admitted that the reason for his drinking was simply that he might feel a little power in his own right. There was a mother-in-law in the case, it developed, and she and his wife seemed always to be lording it over him in his own home. In arguments they sided with one another; they criticized or belittled his every expression of opinion; the raising of his children was taken entirely out of his jurisdiction, and given into the hands of his mother-in-law who had ideas of her own on child raising and impressed them well upon her daughter. In other words, he had lost all "say" in the home he worked to support. For the two years this situation had existed, he had been feeling less and less important, more and more insignificant. As he expressed it, he was "just a machine for bringing in the money." Otherwise it seemed to him that he was totally unimportant.

THEN one night Mr. W. accidentally got very drunk with some of the boys, and on coming home found himself feeling like a real boss of the ranch. He threw things around a bit to prove it. His mother-in-law scurried out of his way, scowling her disapproval but not daring to cross so dangerous a person; his wife became for the moment a cowering, submissive thing, all weepy and meek and obedient. It was a grand and glorious feeling. So he repeated it. Again and again. It buoyed up his ego for the time being, and relieved an aching sense of insignificance that had been making his life seem more useless daily.

Asked why he hadn't talked over the situation with his wife, he confessed that he had never, until the moment, admitted, even to himself, just why he was doing as he was. Because, as he confided, his sense of inferiority was already strong enough without having to admit that it was necessary to get drunk to convince himself that he wasn't just a poor weak thing. It took weeks for a psychologist to get him in a frame of mind where he could feel that he was just as important and necessary to his home as any one else in it.

THEN his wife was called in and given a long talk on the rôle she had failed to play in giving her husband equal share in the family life. As a result, the mother-in-law was bid an affectionate but firm farewell, presented with a return ticket to Missouri, whence she had hailed some two years previous for a "short" visit, and the family once more took up a normal existence. To date, the new arrangement has proved completely successful. Mrs. W., inclined to be overaggressive, is learning to curb some of her domineering tendencies, while her husband is beginning to reveal a hitherto hidden ability of self-expression, and has taken a new and highly cheerful outlook on life. The drinking has disappeared as suddenly as it came; and perhaps the most fortunate result of all has been the improved home life of the children, who, it was inevitable, had been suffering inestimable harm from the lact of adjustment and harmony between their parents.

These are just two of the hundreds of similar problems brought to

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the Marriage Clinic for solution. Many of them are much more serious — lamentable conditions that would seem to us to make life not worth the candle. And not all of them are possible of solution, or much help. But the Marriage Clinic stands ready to apply all of the cures of science and education to any marriage ill, and if these fail to work any good, then perhaps the marriage has gone too far askew for mortal intervention.

MARRIED couples, however, are not the only ones that the Clinic wants to help. In fact, its directors consider the other phase of its work — that of advice and education of couples *before* marriage — as by far their most important undertaking, and hope in the future to have ninety per cent of their clients in this field. For they feel that if most couples could have scientific counselling, examination and education before marriage, a lot of after-marriage maladjustment and unhappiness could be eliminated. The Clinic's aim in these pre-marital examinations and conferences is two-fold: first, to provide the essentials of an education for successful coöperation in marriage (this is done through friendly, helpful conferences with the men and women directors of the Clinic, and through an outline of reading that thoroughly acquaints them with all of the biological and psychological facts of the relation into which they are about to enter). Secondly, their purpose is to discourage the marriage of those who, because of mental, emotional or physical defects are not qualified to marry successfully, or, if married, to be successful parents; or to encourage the removal of such defects, if in any way possible, before the marriage is entered into. These incurable defects might include hereditary insanity, bad heredity, acute infectious diseases, chronic diseases, or abnormalities.

The young people that apply for these examinations and conferences come from all walks of life. Some of them have been sent to the Clinic by social agencies of the city; some of them come of their own accord after reading of the work of the Clinic in the newspapers, or hearing the lectures that are being given at the Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A. and other organizations in the city. Many of the applicants are college men and women, vitally interested in making their marriages successful in every possible way. And every effort is made by the Clinic to give all of them the proper start toward realizing this future happiness in marriage.

Dr. Popenoe, the Clinic's director, says that he believes that the new so-called "gin law" of California which requires couples to wait for three days after application, before a marriage certificate is issued, has been one of the most effective laws ever passed for preventing hasty, impulsive marriages. For a great number of those who apply fail to call for the license when it is issued. The three days' wait has given them time to think it over and to change their minds.

THE idea of a marriage clinic such as the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations is not a new one. The first clinic for promoting successful marriage and parenthood was established in Vienna in 1922. It

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proved so successful that similar clinics were established in other cities throughout Europe, until now they number over two hundred, and many more will doubtless be founded within the next ten years.

Los Angeles' Marriage Clinic, modeled after these European organizations, opened its doors in February 1930. Since that time it has handled over six hundred cases, and has interested many of Los Angeles' most distinguished professors, bankers, doctors, ministers, rabbis and business men in the project. Though all of its officers and staff give freely of their services without charge, there are, of course, running expenses that must be met, and for this reason, applicants who are able to do so are asked to pay a nominal fee; in this way it is hoped that in the near future the Clinic will be entirely self-supporting.

Since all of the Clinic's services are confidential, no applicants are ever asked for their names. When one has come back more than once, he usually gives his name voluntarily; but if not, his case is simply recorded under a number, and his secrets remain his. Some of the applicants who came in during the first month of the Clinic's opening still drop around to report on how affairs at home are progressing, to ask further advice on new problems that have arisen, or simply to express more thanks for the help they have received.

Some would-be alarmists might rise to protest that such a marriage consultation bureau is going to allow cold science to blight the bud of romance. But the Los Angeles Marriage Clinic only answers, "Romance flourishes much better in an atmosphere of health and knowledge than in an atmosphere of disease and ignorance." And who can present a more reasonable argument than that?

Morning Rapture

By Merab Eberle

The morn
Is liquor in my throat,
A fiery zest within my breast,
A glory newly born!
See! See!
How in winged ecstacy
The butterfly doth flutter above clover,
And dragonfly doth ply
A jewelled needle
Where rushes hedge the river's edge!

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The Next Speaker

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Who will succeed "Nick" Longworth in the second most powerful office of our Government?

When a King of England dies, the line of succession to the throne is clear and precise. It is known in advance. When a Speaker of the National House of Representatives goes to his reward, even among his own party there is no heir apparent. In American politics wars of succession may be as bitterly fought and personal ambition may be as soaring as in the rough days of old when the sceptre went to the strongest, rather than to the nearest of kin. Hardly had the late Nicholas Longworth of Ohio been laid in his grave, and the funeral orations pronounced, than the fight for his raiment began. Had the Ohio man lived, the Republicans would almost certainly have chosen him as their candidate for the office which still ranks second in real power only to that of the President. His death released the floodgates of personal ambition, sectionalism, and partisan politics. The contest for the speakership, now under way, will continue until the seventy-second Congress meets in December, and perhaps for some weeks thereafter. Until the House organizes, and chooses its officers, by a majority vote, it can transact no public business.

This is more than a private fight for office. It has a direct bearing upon the fortunes of the Hoover Administration. The next House will be a hybrid body; the two parties are so evenly divided that it is a toss-up whether the Republicans or the Democrats will have the numerical edge. A corporal's guard of radicals holds the balance of power, and with the Democrats and Republicans so evenly matched, the radicals never had a better chance to run the show on Capitol Hill than will be theirs this winter. With a Westerner as Speaker, one half-way sympathetic with their socialistic legislative nostrums, the radicals feel that the lightning has struck, and that fate has played into their hands.

Radical legislation is one of the clouds on President Hoover's political horizon, for much of it, if enacted, will seriously interfere with the plans of his Administration. If a glove can be placed on the radical fist, it can best be placed there through the election of a "safe" and conservative Speaker. Back of the tu-

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mult and the shouting, therefore, we may see a sharp clash between the East and West, between the conservatism of the industrialized East, and the radicalism of the agrarian West.

For some years past, the Big Three — Longworth, Tilson and Snell — ruled the House with a pleasant, but none the less iron hand. Inheritor of wealth, backed by a Harvard education, his wife a daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, Longworth was generally regarded as an Easterner, though Cincinnati was his home. On economic issues he nearly always walked the conservative side of the ship. Hailing, as he does, from industrial Connecticut, Floor Leader Tilson has the record of a dyed-in-the-wool conservative. Bertrand Snell of New York, chairman of the Rules Committee, and the third member of the triumvirate, ranks in the same class with Tilson as a conservative, but has turned down radical legislation with a sharper tongue, and a more ungracious manner.

WHILE Longworth was alive, and with a comfortable Republican majority back of them, enough to offset the desertion of the party programme by the Wisconsin insurgents and their sympathizers, the Big Three ruled the roost, and except under such emergency conditions as the drive for the soldiers' loan bill, when even Longworth deserted the President, the Administration could usually count upon the House to stand by it, no matter how far the Senate might stray from the straight and narrow path. Smart as they might under the high-handed rule of the trio, the radicals and progressives were all but helpless. Unless Snell agreed to let a given measure come up on the floor, it was practically impossible to bring it up in any other way, for Longworth, through the prerogatives of the Speaker's office, could refuse to recognize the insurgent member.

THE dam has now burst, and neither Tilson nor Snell, the two most logical claimants for the throne, has the personal popularity, and the geniality which belonged to the late Speaker, the personal qualities which warmed to him the hearts of the radicals, even when he was planning to sidetrack some of their pet measures. Revolt has flared up in the House against the rule of the old triumvirate. Western members, by and large, will not accept an Eastern speaker if they can help it. Eastern Republicans have put forward as candidates the two surviving members of the old triumvirate, Tilson and Snell. The Connecticut man has been a close friend of President Hoover, is a frequent guest at the White House, and has stood by the President pretty consistently through the strenuous days of the past session, even injecting his body in the path of the avalanche of votes for the soldiers' loan bill. There have been reports that the President would like to see Tilson chosen speaker, presumably for the reason that he is a man upon whose loyalty the Administration could continue to count. The White House, however, has officially denied this. According to its spokesmen, the President will pursue a strictly hands-off policy in the speakership fight. Apart from his ultraconservatism and his tendency

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to regard all other than Old Guard Republicans as barbarians, one of the principal elements of weakness in Tilson's campaign seems to lie in the fact that he is too much of an Administration man, a significant commentary on the extent to which party responsibility and party loyalty have broken down in the National Legislature.

AN ALUMNUS of old Amherst, with a long training in the school of practical politics back of him, Bertrand Snell has won his way into the inner councils of the party leaders of the House. For some years he has been chairman of the Rules Committee, one of the key posts in Congress. As such, he has acted as a sort of legislative traffic cop, telling the House what bills it can take up and what it can not, pocketing proposals which he considers dangerous or unwise. Snell appeals for the support of his fellow Republicans, partly on the ground of his long years of service in the House, and in part because better than any other Eastern Republican, his friends feel he can hold the tide of Western radicalism in check. One of his principal supporters, the veteran James M. Parker of New York, made this plain in his statement setting forth the many reasons why the Republicans should make his colleague their candidate for speaker.

"Just consider what will happen even if New York is given this much needed recognition, and Mr. Snell is elected Speaker. Indiana's four Republicans will include one, Will R. Wood, who is chairman of the Appropriations Committee, one of the three most important committees not only of the House, but of Congress, for no committee in the Senate has equal power. These four Republicans also include Fred S. Purnell, who will become chairman of the Rules Committee, another of the three most powerful. The chairmanship of the third of the Big Three committees, Ways and Means, is held by Willis C. Hawley of Oregon. Domination of the key positions in this Government at the present time is not in the East. President Hoover was born in Iowa and claims California as his home. Vice President Curtis is from Kansas. Only one Cabinet member is from the Empire State, Henry L. Stimson."

If you read behind the lines, there is more in this statement than appeals to the pride of the Empire State. The drums beat to summon all those who want to hold in check the grip of the West.

WESTERN Republicans have their full quota of receptive candidates — Hoch of Kansas, Mapes and Michener of Michigan, Britten of Illinois, Purnell and Woods of Indiana, Haugen of Iowa and several others. Trial balloons aplenty have already gone up in the air to test the drift and the force of the prevailing winds. Though no one of their number has leaped to the fore, Western Republicans are in substantial agreement on one thing; they want a Westerner to succeed Nick Longworth. Radicals and progressives, who hold in their hands the balance of power, may have at the outset a candidate of their own, but when the balloting reaches a decisive turn, their votes, in all probability will go to any Westerner rather than to the candidate

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put forward by the conservative Eastern wing of the party.

As they stand today, the House rules have chafed the Westerners. They know well enough that these same rules were a mighty help to the Big Three in operating the steam roller. The principal change the reformers want is one by which hereafter it will be possible for a hundred members on a petition to discharge a committee from consideration of any given bill, and have it reported to the floor. Now the chairman is virtually boss of his committee; it cannot meet unless he so directs, and rarely does any committee vote out a bill over the veto of the chairman. Since the selection of the chairman of committees is in the hands of the majority leaders, the present practice facilitates this group's grip on the legislative throttle. By the simple expedient of having the committee chairman, whoever he might be, refuse to call his committee together, Administration forces have been able time and again to pigeonhole an objectionable bill, one that would almost certainly have passed had it come to a vote on the floor.

A HUNDRED names for a petition would be an easy matter for the progressives, and aided and abetted by the Democrats, who love nothing better than putting the Administration in a hole, they might well railroad through the House many a measure which the President and his advisers regard as an economic menace to the country. Hence the conservatives, to a man, will fight the proposed liberalization of the rule as breaking down legislative efficiency, and as striking a body blow at party responsibility. Liberalization of the rules, as the radical sees it, will give him a chance to experiment with some of his favorite specifics and cure-alls, with the American people as the laboratory.

ON THE Democratic side, the dream and spell of office conceals the underlying discords. Since March 3, 1919, when Champ Clark of Missouri yielded up his gavel, the Democrats in the House have gone through twelve lean and hungry years. The pie counter has been near enough at times, but not near enough for the party to receive any of the choice cuts. Committee chairmanships, patronage, fame and publicity — these are the things that lure the party on to capture the speakership if by hook or crook they can muster the votes necessary to do so, even by buying at the seller's price a possible insurgent vote or two. A minority party invariably has greater discipline and unity than the majority, and Jack Garner of Texas, whose favorite sport is baiting Andy Mellon, will be the man behind whom the Democrats will rally when the time comes for voting for Speaker.

If Garner and his cohorts march in to capture the fort, with bands playing and banners flying, there will be a mighty migration of power from North to South. Texas will become the most powerful State in the Union. Sixteen out of the seventeen really important chairmanships will go to the South, a migration which Tammany Democrats from New York, and other Congressmen of the party hailing from New England or the Middle West can not view with much enthusiasm. In addition to the

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speakership, under the seniority rule, Texans would fill the chairmanships as well of six of the major House committees.

The national campaigns of 1924 and 1928, the epic fight in Madison Square Garden, and the more recent flare-up over John J. Raskob, all speak eloquently of the fact that a fundamental cleavage still cuts the Democratic party into two wings; the wet Catholic Democrats of the North and East, and the dry Protestants of the South. It is the Democracy of the South which will climb into the seats of power on Capitol Hill if the Democrats succeed in organizing the House.

ONCE Jack Garner ascended the Speaker's platform, it would take little to light the fires of sectional, religious and racial passion. For the moment, however, House Democrats have their eye on the trappings, the plums and patronage of office. If the chance comes, they are not likely to refuse to organize the House because of the knowledge that in so doing the country as a whole will hold the Democratic party responsible for the sins of commission, as well as of omission of that body. On the eve of a national election, when Democratic hopes are running high, this is no small responsibility.

The speakership is one of the great prizes in public life. The car that goes with the office is not the only attraction, though you may be sure that its glitter finds a place in the dreams of Jack Garner. Though shorn a bit of the prerogatives inherent in the office when Uncle Joe Cannon was Czar of the House, it is still one of great power, second perhaps only to that of the President. Tradition and the unwritten law require that the Speaker apply the rules fairly as between the two parties in the House, yet in the twilight zone, a large area exists where he has great latitude of action, and where he has many an opportunity to apply the rules to his party's advantage, without offending the accepted proprieties. The range of the Speaker's influence is extended through the authority to appoint chairmen and members of select committees. Again, too, on a controversial issue, the way the Speaker votes determines the votes of many of his colleagues. In the social life of the capital, the Speaker ranks next to the Chief Justice; and in Washington no small part of the business of government is transacted, and many an important decision made over the dinner table. His social contacts broaden materially the influence which the Speaker has on public affairs.

IN THE first half of the Nineteenth Century the division between North and South ran through the political battles of the age. Today, on the field of national politics, the split between East and West is one of the sharpest of the dividing lines. It is the clue to much that is happening in contemporary politics. The cleavage tends to grow sharper, rather than otherwise. Sectionalism runs its dividing line down legislation, the choice of candidates, and the orientation of economic policies. From the agrarian West have come populism, free silver, the drive for farm relief, much of the demand for curbing the "power trust," and the movement for an alleged democratization of the

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political structure, as represented by such institutions as the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum and the recall. From this region, too, have sprung a succession of leaders, such as William J. Bryan, the elder La Follette, down to the Borahs and Norrises of our time — all embodying the social and political philosophy of the agrarian West.

By placing its man in the Speaker's chair, and by holding the chairmanships of as many of the House committees as it can, the West has high hopes of playing the whip hand in the next House. Any candidate that the East is likely to present politicians in the great open spaces would classify as a conservative, perhaps as a reactionary, and therefore entirely unacceptable. No Republican can be elected unless he gets every Republican vote.

On most pivotal issues until now, the Republican Administration has been able to count on the support of the lower branch, while the Senate, where the wild jackasses have had pretty much the run of the corral, has tended to follow its own sweet will and the mood of the moment. The support of one House, at any rate, has been an anchor to windward. In December, the balance will be the other way; unless all signs fail, the House which then meets will be as difficult for the Administration to manage as any Senate in recent years. Only by a conservative Speaker can the East hope to stem, even in part, the avalanche of Western ideas, and by the same token, if the progressives and radicals force the election of a Western Speaker, one presumably sympathetic with their programme, the West will be pretty much master of the field. Not in a generation, indeed, has a speakership contest had as broad a national significance.

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The Poet

By V. Sackville-West

A story by the author of "The Edwardians"

I FIRST saw him sitting at a little table outside a café in Italy. He was alone, and I knew him instantly for a poet by his wild eyes, his tumbled hair, his sensitive nostrils, and his weak but beautiful mouth. He wore a faded blue shirt and a pair of blue linen trousers, with his bare feet thrust into heelless *espadrilles*. At the moment when my eyes first fell upon him, he was gazing sorrowfully into a glass of beer. I imagined that in those translucent amber depths he sought perhaps some simile for a mermaid's hair — the café was situated on the shores of the Mediterranean — but after a prolonged contemplation he beckoned to the waiter and said in Italian, "There's a fly in this beer. Take it away."

I was disappointed. I had been so certain he was a poet and that he was English. His appearance was so romantic, the lonely fishing village was so romantic too, just the place for a poet, with its little harbour and the painted boats swaying softly on the dark green water, and the Mediterranean beyond, and the fishermen's houses in a semi-circle, the colour of tea-roses and tulips, and the nets hung out to dry, and the lovely hills rising behind, silvery with the olive-trees. Now it seemed that he was a native, a peasant perhaps, come down from the hills to catch the evening coolness of the port, and to drink his glass before climbing back to bed; a native, a peasant, unlettered, and a materialist into the bargain. As I watched him, he rose, and slouching away he vanished through a little green door into a neighbouring house. I heard him coughing as he went.

On the following evening I saw him again in the same place. His glass of beer stood beside him, his elbow was propped on the table, his cheek propped on his hand, and he was reading in a small book bound in calf, the pages slightly foxed. I passed behind him, and looked over his shoulder. He was reading Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, in a Seventeenth Century edition. My spirits revived. I felt justified.

As I sat down at another table and ordered my vermouth and selz, unfolding my *Daily Mail* meanwhile rather ostentatiously, I felt rather than saw that he had raised his head and was glancing in my direction. I bided my time, paying no attention.

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Presently I heard, as I had known I would hear, the scraping of his chair on the tiled floor. He was edging himself towards me. He wanted to enter into conversation. I cursed myself for a brute as I heard his first apologetic cough develop into a terrible, a heart-rending attack of coughing. I flung my *Daily Mail* aside, and hastily poured him out a glass of water. "By God, you're ill," I said.

He put his handkerchief to his lips and brought it away stained with red. "Ill?" he said, and stretched a shaking hand. "There's death in that hand," he said with a twisted smile.

THAT jarred me. I had dramatized him to myself, heaven knows, but that he should dramatize himself was more than I could bear. I was divided between distress at his ill-health and disgust at his exploitation of it. In consequence I spoke rather briskly, asking him what ailed him, — though it was clear enough.

He was ready to talk. He hadn't spoken his own language for three months, he told me. He had come to Santa Caterina to die. He thought it couldn't be long now, but he didn't mind; he didn't care for life, so long as it gave him time to accomplish that which he must accomplish. He thought he had done his best by now, and was quite ready to go.

And what, I asked, was he so anxious to accomplish?

"I write poetry," he said, quite simply this time.

He was twenty-five years of age, he told me, and his name was Nicholas Lambarde. That seemed to me a good name for an English poet, in the tradition of Kit Marlowe, Robert Herrick, Richard Lovelace, and the rest. English poets had nearly always been endowed with good names, and Nicholas Lambarde might figure as honestly in an alphabetical index as the others. But, although I keep an eye on poetry, I had never heard of him. A mere name was not enough to make me take him on trust. What poetry, I asked, had he written? Had any of it been published?

No, he said, he had never bothered about publication. He cared nothing about contemporary fame. Posterity was the only thing that counted, and about posterity he had no doubt at all. He began then to talk of his poetry, dashing his hands through his hair; he talked extravagantly, lyrically; but somehow — although sceptical, I think, by nature, and not readily impressed — I couldn't feel that he was boasting in a void, or that the claims he made were in any way in excess of their justification. I couldn't explain to myself why he thus immediately convinced me. Perhaps his very scorn for present fame did its part, a scorn so rare and so manifestly genuine. At any rate, whenever he told me that he had that morning written a real poem, a true contribution to English literature, I believed him. And, in a way, as my story will show, I was right. He had.

HE HELD very definite and vigorous views about poetry. He couldn't abide the modern school of *défaitisme* and despair. He couldn't feel — dying man though he was — that life was little more than the sloughed skin of a snake, or a rustle of dry leaves, or a parched land

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without water, or whatever the metaphor might be. Nor did he feel that poetry was the proper vehicle for metaphysics, any more than fiction was the proper vehicle for propaganda, sexual or sociological. He held that poetry ought to spring from its own soil, and break freely into leaves like a tree, with a suggestion of sky above and of roots beneath, drinking deeply in the earth. He believed profoundly in the technique of the craft, and held that the first use of technique was to suggest, by association, far greater riches than actually stated by the words. In fact, rapturously though he expressed himself, he displayed a considered judgment and talked a great deal of sense.

He never read poetry nowadays, he said, for fear of being influenced, though of course he had read through the whole of English literature in his early youth.

Every now and then he broke off to cough and to dab his handkerchief against his mouth.

Well, I stayed on at Santa Caterina. Nicholas Lambarde, invisible in the daytime, appeared regularly every evening at the café, ordered his glass of beer, joined me at my table, and talked poetry to me while the stars came out and the lights of the harbour dropped their plummets into the water. I watched him growing a little paler, a little thinner every day. His fits of coughing became more frequent and more violent. Still, when I exhorted him, he impatiently brushed aside my importunity and went on with what he was saying. The only important thing in the world to him was poetry. Death did not matter, health did not matter, nor time, nor fame, nor money; I never met any one who lived so intensely or so continuously the life of the spirit. I can see him now, with his burning eyes, his unshaven chin cupped in his hands, and the stained handkerchief crumpled between his fingers, leaning across the table, talking, talking.

One evening he said that he would like to ask me a favour. He had no friends and no relations, he said, and the only thing which bothered him was the disposal of his manuscripts after he was dead. He had thought of consigning them all to a literary agency, but that seemed an insecure thing to do, for who could guarantee that any literary agency would find him a publisher? Poetry did not pay — he knew that — and he feared that the eventual fate of his poems might be the waste-paper basket. On the one hand, you see, he was curiously sane. On the other hand, he was absolutely confident that in, say, a hundred years' time he would be recognized as the head of English song. He made a possible exception in favour of Shakespeare, but admitted no other rivals. If, that is to say, he had his chance, and that must be my business. In short, he asked me to act as his literary executor.

Of course, I accepted. No one could have refused him, and I was, as you may imagine, consumed with the desire to read these poems of which I had heard so much. Often though I urged him, he would never show me a line, but putting on an expression at once arrogant and secretive would reply, "All in good time! You'll see, you'll see."

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It was on a morning in early May that a fisher-boy came breathlessly to find me, saying that the Englishman had died during the night: would I please come at once? I had never before penetrated into Lambarde's lodging, and it was with an uncomfortable sense of intrusion that I mounted the rickety stairs and stood upon the threshold of his room. I had not expected to find him surrounded by many possessions, but neither had I been prepared for such utter barrenness and poverty. He himself lay upon, not in, the bed, dressed as usual in his faded shirt and trousers, as though he had flung himself down in the last fatal access of coughing — for the sheets and counterpane were stained with a deeper flood than ever his pitiable handkerchief. One glance round gave me the complete inventory of the room. A pair of brushes, a comb, a razor; a bunch of wild jonquils stuck in a bottle; some shoes; a few books, mostly tattered. That was all I could see. But there were papers everywhere — strewn over the bed, the one table, and even over the floor — separate sheets of foolscap, some closely covered, some scrawled with but a single line, tossed aside, blown by the breeze into some neglected corner. His landlady, who had followed me upstairs, doubtless thought that she read criticism in my glance.

He would never allow her to tidy, she said; sometimes for weeks together he had locked the door and she had been unable to enter his room; and once, when she had ventured to pick up some of his papers and place them on the table, he had flown into the most terrible rage, so that she thought he would expire on the spot. It was comprehensible, she said, with the Latin peasant's understanding of the artist: the poor young man was a poet, and poets were cursed with that kind of temperament; one could not expect a stag to browse mildly like a cow. And she looked at him, lying upon the bed, with a compassion that forgave him all his trespasses.

But now he could prevent nobody from picking up his papers and arranging them on the table. It was, indeed, precisely what he had asked me to do, yet I did it with a sense of guilt, induced, no doubt, by my own knowledge of my own curiosity. Outwardly I was executing the wishes of a dead compatriot; in reality, I was gratifying the meanest of our instincts. Yet why should I blacken myself unduly? I love letters, I respect genius; I had lent a sympathetic ear to an unknown poet for weeks past; I had upset all my plans on his account. It was only fair that I should have my reward.

And yet, I swear, it wasn't only my reward that I thought of — the reward of discovering a new master of English verse. I honestly wanted to do my best by that proud, lonely, flaming creature who had lived for nothing but his art.

I persuaded the good wife to leave me, and, alone with the dead man, I fell to my task. You must believe me when I say that I have seldom been more excited. At first I was puzzled, for many of the writings were so exceedingly fragmentary; there were scraps of scenes from plays, whose characters bore names

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in the Elizabethan tradition — Baldassare, Mercurio, and the like; there were a few verses of what appeared to be a ballad; there were some ribald addresses to Chloe and Dorinda; there was the beginning of a contemplative poem on Solitude. I fancied from all these that he had been practising his hand at the art of parody, for he had hit off the Elizabethan manner exactly, and the manner of the ballads, and of the Restoration, and of the early Nineteenth Century. Whatever else he had been, he was certainly a skilful parodist; I was sure that I had read something very like his play-scenes in some minor work of Kyd or Shirley, I couldn't remember which. But I turned over his poor papers impatiently, in the hope of coming on one of those poems of which he had said to me, "Lord! I'm tired, but I did something good today, something really first-class. I'm pleased."

And I found them. I found the really first-class things. He was quite right: they really were first-class. He had taken an enormous amount of trouble, putting his pencil through word after word, until he got exactly the word he wanted. That was the extraordinary thing: the amount of trouble he had taken in his search for perfection, carving each phrase laboriously from his brain, working it out like a puzzle; I could imagine him sitting there at that same table, concentrated, rapt; dissatisfied at first, and finally triumphant; I could imagine him springing up at last with a cry of triumph and pacing about the room declaiming the magnificent stanzas to himself. It had been a terrific effort, but he had always got it right in the end.

One of his first drafts ran thus:

Fair star! I would I were as faithful as thou
art,
Not in sole glory piercing through the night,
But watching with unsleeping lids apart
eremite
The restless ocean at its patient task
Of slow erosion round earth's aged shores.

The pencil had been dashed through the last two lines, and he had substituted with scarcely a check,

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

Yes, I thought, no wonder he was pleased with that; no wonder he had come down to the café to tell me he had done something really good!

And there were other passages which had worried him considerably:

But after me I seem to hear
The wheels of Time near

A fiery spirit ?bright and swift

The Earth like Danae
Like Danae the Earth
Under the stars the Earth like Danae lies

But he had got that right too, nearly the whole of it, except one line, for which he had left a blank.

I sat back and stared at his papers. What had gone wrong, in that poor muddled brain? What fantastic trick had memory played upon him? I remembered how he had told me that he had quite given up reading the poets now, "for fear of being influenced," though he had read them extensively as a boy. Influenced, indeed! The irony of it!

And yet, you know, I still main-

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tain that a poet was lost in him. I found among his papers one sonnet, which, with the obvious though partial exception of the first line, I have so far been unable to trace to anybody else. It is not the kind of poetry which brought him downstairs to tell me that he had done something "really good"; it is, indeed, only a sonnet of a type which could be turned out in dozens by any competent rhymester, soaked in the conventions of English literature; the octet may pass muster, but the sextet is poor, as though scribbled down in a hurry; and probably I exaggerate the merit of the whole, being privy to the absolute truth which inspired it; but such as it is it may very well stand as his epitaph:

When I am gone, say only this of me:
He scorned the laurels and the praise of men,
Alien to fortune and to fame; but then
Add this: he plunged with Thetis in the sea;
Lay naked with Diana in the shade;
He knew what paths the wandering planets drew;
He heard the music of the winds; he knew
What songs the sirens sang; Arion played.

Say this; no more; but when the shadows lengthen
Across the greensward of your cloistered turf,
Remember one who felt his sinews strengthen
And tuned his hearing by the line of surf.
One who, too proud, passed ease and comfort by,
But learned from Rome and Hesiod how to die.

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Picture Card

By Alberta Williams

A Story of Post-war Germany

She was too busy with the colored yarns. Her very intentness in selecting the blue told him she had read it. And there she sat in his room, guarding her evidence. Peasant shrewdness again, combined with no real intelligence.

"So, you have paid your morning call on cousin Koethe. And how is little Klaus?" She could not look up from her work.

"Klaus was very smart this morning. I saw him in his bath. And Koethe tells me I should ask you to write down the pancake mixture for her cook, Mutti."

"Ach, she likes it then? And only one egg for such a pancake. So I make it."

"Yes, she was telling Werner about it." He looked at the clock. "Mutti, we have still an hour before Father comes. I think I shall take a little walk and go to say goodbye to Fraulein Hahn and return her English books. With only two days left I must make all my last farewells."

"Naturally. And greet Fraulein Hahn for me and tell her she must come for coffee with me some time soon, so we can again talk over old times when you were her pupil. Tell her I hope she has no more the bad headaches which her eyes were causing. I think my eyes are getting bad. I could no longer see well to embroider in my room, so I had to come to your room where there is better light. But here one sees quite well, by this large window. Perhaps I should stay in my room and make the light on, but the bills are always so large that one doesn't turn on the light at noon, even if the day is dark. I think I am getting old. If you are gone long in America you will find an old, old lady when you come back. You don't mind your old mother sitting in your room, do you?"

Not bad. That peasant shrewdness, cunning. "Of course I like to have you in my room, Mutti." He fumbled at his writing table. Unaided she wouldn't raise the issue. "I wrote a picture card this morning and forgot to mail it. I shall post it on the way back from Fraulein Hahn's." He put the card in his pocket. "And now those English books. Ah, yes, here they are. Well, can I do any errand for you while I am gone?"

Now she was absorbed in finding the exact shade of green. "No, only that you come back on time. Papa always wishes to start his *Mittagsessen* promptly."

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He would turn at the next corner. No use hazarding this street with its possibility of meeting Elsa and having to walk with her. His association with the *Kapellmeister's* daughter these last three months had already come to his father's attention. Better not to risk anything these last two days. Better to be the very correct son of the Herr Oberregierungsrat Doktor Wiemer. Elsa was diverting, but then, she was much like a boy, she might even be *la garçonne* some day, and, should he meet her, she would request to be taken for a cognac, and he had very little money and only one hour until he must be back home for dinner. And, anyway, he must make himself perfectly secure by taking care of the post card.

SUPPOSE he should let the post card go? He felt comfortable in contemplating it, permitting himself to enjoy the vision of such a gesture. What would it mean to her? It was not climax she sought, not the opportunity to be the force to put something in motion, not revenge for wrong. It was merely alliance, and the ability to become articulate, to be recognized. She had waited twenty-five years. Ever since Mathilde Zimmermann had brought her almost too adequate fortune to a climbing, untitled and ambitious government official, ever since she had bid farewell to lower bourgeoisie and gone uncertainly into upper bourgeoisie, there had been tendered her no invitation to articulation.

The drama of letting matters take their course pleased him for a moment. Let the post card go? Now that he was at last on the quota let slip the only possible opportunity he had for a future? Post-war Germany offered him nothing. His father, who had once been Landrat, now only Oberregierungsrat, securely that, of course, until his pension, but in a Catholic district, and his father a Protestant! And what did it matter to have a father who was Oberregierungsrat if he was a pre-war official? Trying to emigrate proved that there was no influence for the son of a pre-war official in these times. He had had to wait just as long as any of them to be put on the quota. He had even been sorry his father had tried to get him in ahead of his turn. And the other pre-war connections, wealthy bourgeoisie who had enjoyed the acquaintance of a Landrat? There had been only volunteer apprenticeship when it came to finding work for the son of a former Landrat whose fortune had been woefully mismanaged in the inflation. Was he to go on with a large firm as volunteer apprentice with the career of minor clerk staring at him in the near future and perhaps eventually the directorship of an insignificant department?

HE COULD conceive of a situation in which he could have told his father about Sigrid, and have been rewarded by that correct official with only a "*Tiens, tiens, mein Sohn.*" In the days of the Landrat, in the days of the country estate, in the days when there were hunting parties, in the days of the Zimmermann-Wiemer fortune, when he had listened to his brilliant future, how after university he would travel for a year or perhaps two years and then would either make a good business

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connection or go into the diplomatic service, as he chose, in those days he could have hinted laughingly of Sigrid to his father and been given an almost admiring reprimand. But now, in these days of a six-room flat in Crefeld, in these days of one servant, a peasant girl whom his mother futilely tried to train, in these times of bread soup on laundry day, in these times when his father was Oberregierungsrat — really a mere tax collector trying to maintain caste by rigid correctness — such an understanding was impossible. No, if the little affair, the *scherzo* with Sigrid, were disclosed it would meet with no sympathy. It would mean a crash and he would come out badly.

THAT in exchange for squeamishness about the feelings of Mathilde Zimmermann, who happened to be his father's wife and his mother? He could get another one of those cards, very ordinary ten pfennig ones of the new *Bahnhof*, change the positives to negatives, even make the tiny ink smudge in the upper corner, and, then, if she chose to make her feeble attempt, what could she do? After all, perhaps she would keep silence and he would not have to use the well-prepared defense. She had an hour in which to think it over. She loved him, he knew that. He was probably the only human being she presumed to love. Her solicitous desire to have everything exactly as his father wanted it, her eagerness to agree on every point, her cordiality and pleasantness toward Tante Tietjen and Koethe, her politeness and respect toward *Grossmutter*, all that was not love. No, whatever of love there was in her now was for him. And that was understandable; it was even as it should be under the circumstances. But why must she always silently ask for an alliance in return? He realized comfortably that he had only to tell her of Sigrid, to share that part, any part, of his life with Mutti and he would truly have entered into a pact with her which would keep her allegiance forever. In the case of Sigrid she would disapprove, she would probably attempt some clumsy advice about women, but she would agree not to say anything to father. The alliance would be established! In it she would find her importance, her self-esteem, her happiness. She would have become a person who counted, whom one took into consideration; she would even enjoy it more than the alliance she could form with Father through this incident, an articulation based on telling tales, on an assumed righteous anger to match Father's genuine wrath. She could feel only excited, not angry. Never had she been able to summon the dignity of real anger. It had been only excitement over the French troops. And how fleeting would be her power of articulation, her alliance, with Father; with him it would be secret and therefore permanent.

* * *

HE HAD wound the bath towel very tightly around his abdomen and he pinned it there securely. It pressed hard. That was better. One didn't notice one's hunger when the bath towel drew one in and pressed on one. At fourteen you could not go to sleep when you were hungry. Everyone in the Rheinlands

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was hungry. Tea made of apple parings. Turnips in the watery soup, mashed turnips, bread made of turnips. Dinner cooked on the one gas flame allowed and each pot embedded in straw to keep the food warm while the rest of the meal was prepared. Butter rationed. Each one in the family with his own pat of butter to do for the week, really just enough for one breakfast. Miraculously on Wednesday his butter pat began to grow. He knew. He could eat a little on all the days, he need not hoard it for the end of the week. Mutti never touching butter. They never mentioned it. If he thanked her he could allow her to do it no more. On Wednesdays when his butter pat began to get a little larger he would look at Mutti and raise his brows a little. She would almost smile and look from the corner of her eye at Father. Father not noticing, thinking always of the prison camp, the Russian nobles who had half enough beds. Mutti probably liked butter. But, then, one doesn't mention such things. No word. It was better so.

* * *

MUTTI fluttering, actually trembling. To take charge of the volunteer work in the city! Sewing supplies for the soldiers, rolling bandages, cutting and packing; *ah, ja*, that, but in charge of the volunteer work, she knew she could not. Frau Baronne von Pechmann would be working there, Frau Geheimrat Hachmeister, Frau Director Stauf, and Father's sister, Tante Tietjen — Tante Tietjen, the poised and assured Frau Kommerzienrat Wienands. Mutti in charge of them and all the others. Not in charge, she couldn't. Work, yes — sewing would be fine — but in charge, with all the ordering, all the routine, all the responsibility — ach, it was not to be expected of her, surely. Father irritated. The wife of Herr Landrat Doktor Wiemer refusing to take charge! Mutti terror-stricken, going down to take charge of the volunteer work.

THE evening of the second day. Mutti crying, weeping. She had become confused. They had sent everything to the wrong place. So many orders, directions and regulations from headquarters, one simply couldn't keep them all straight. Father coldly suggesting that he ask Tietjen to take charge for her. Mutti embarrassedly grateful. Tante Tietjen in charge. Mutti working there. The volunteer work so capably directed by Frau Kommerzienrat Wienands. "Why, she should have been a man, so she could have gone into business!" Frau Landrat Doktor Wiemer sewing bandages. "Her maiden name was Mathilde Zimmermann, from Stuttgart, I believe."

One should almost say something kind to Mutti. Perhaps put one's fingers on her arm. But, there, the thing was really settled now. Why, Mutti had been going down now as worker for over a week already!

* * *

Inflation. One thousand marks — nothing. Money slipping, sliding, impossible to hold it in your hand. The Zimmermann fortune melting like a bowl of frozen punch. Zimmermann fortune, factory money from Stuttgart. Impossible to talk to Father now. Mutti agonized, dis-

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traught, saying nothing, asking no questions, thinking only of Father. Grossvater Zimmermann's money streaming into the mouth of the inflation. But one didn't think of Grossvater Zimmermann. One almost forgot that he had ever lived. One heard only of Grossvater Wiemer, an esteemed doctor of medicine. Mutti's sister in Muenchen? No, one visited and admired Father's sister, Tante Tietjen, wife of Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands. There were Zimmermann cousins, one knew that vaguely, but one never saw Zimmermann cousins. It had never been the Zimmermann fortune, surely. But now it undeniably was the Zimmermann fortune. Only Zimmermann money could bound and leap so frenziedly to hurl itself into that yawning inflation. Mutti suffering. For what? For the money? Mutti liked much better to be frugal. She wouldn't miss the money. She loved to count the eggs to make sure the cook hadn't eaten one for lunch. She always had the olive oil bottle turned upside down on a plate for a day when the bottle was supposed to be empty; there were always a few drops of oil left for the salad. Mutti pained for money? Impossible. Ah, but Father had married Mutti — one didn't say it, but of course it was understood. And now Mutti had no fortune. Father had Mutti — of course. But what could one say to Mutti about an inflation?

* * *

CHRISTMAS at Grossmutter's. Best china, best linen, oldest wine. Tante Tietjen very elegant in an austere dark blue silk, with the tiny white fold at the throat; Grossmutter in her black brocade; Mutti — Mutti as usual. It might have been the brown silk of three years ago, it might have been the dark green of six years earlier.

DINNER conversation centered about the glory of the Wiemer family. Grossmutter as a raconteur. Incident after incident of the late Grossvater Wiemer's life, all emphasizing the high social standing of his patients. Grossmutter reflecting on the eminent physician. Always the first day the Frau Graffon von Meyern-Hohenberg called for him, the day they knew the Freifrau von Wangenheim was dying, the twins of Herr General Direktor Hitzmann and Frau, one of whom was feebleminded and had a weak spine. Avid attention to Grossmutter as she held up to view the superiority of the late Herr Doktor Wiemer, as she opened the closet doors on the weaknesses and strength of the local noblesse.

Koethe vivid, quick, charming, making asides to him on Grossmutter's tales. Ilse stolid, not ever very well, thirty, and unmarried. A constant embarrassment to Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands and Frau. Fortunate that Ilse managed to be in the mountains most of the time. She liked landscape gardening. The Wienands' house was always filled with university students calling on Koethe. Students' caps in the vestibule; you could look at the hats and tell what year the callers were.

Father talking about his first trip to Spain, father talking about the exchange, even being listened to respectfully, the Zimmermann for-

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tune not occurring to any one. Father telling his experiences with the Russian prisoners, officers, most of them belonging to the old nobility. Then, Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands telling jokes, good ones, a little risqué, more so as they continued. Grossmutter leading the laughter. Tante Tietjen smiling and shaking her head and at the start always intercepting, "That one really shouldn't be told." Every one leaving the table on the laughter from one of the jokes.

THE little salon for coffee. The conversation more general. Mutti smiling nervously each time the others laughed, gathering her courage, watching for her opportunity. German parties, the new Government, which parties stood just how far right, how far left, which one was really center. One of those avowedly impersonal discussions. Father plainly showing his strong inclinations to the right. Mutti at last, "I think one can not be too right." Father surprised. "Naturally, Mathilde, one can be too right, one can be too extreme in anything." Mutti confused. Conversation continuing. Koethe and Tante Tietjen waiting a brief second to exchange the look. Mutti watching while others talked. Ilse talking some to Mutti about the landscaping for the summer cottage. Mutti listening, grateful.

Should one walk with Mutti on the way home? But, then, it was really more thoughtful to go in advance and get the apartment warm. And Mutti would walk home with Father. He would take her arm if there was ice.

Koethe's wedding. A good wedding, too. Tante Tietjen complacent. Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands satisfied. Grossmutter nodding approval when she told of it over the coffee. Ilse landscaping. Koethe nine years younger being married. Grossmutter the only one who said it, "So, it seems now that Ilse will never get herself a husband." Life centering around wedding preparations. Dressmakers always at Tante Tietjen's house. The distinction of going shopping with Koethe. On the way meeting young men from the university who stopped to chat, to deplore laughingly the coming wedding, to plead to be the first house guest.

MUTTI trying to find money in the household account for his tuxedo. At twenty, almost, one can not go to so fine a wedding unless one has a tuxedo. For two years no new suits — Father's suits cut down for him, the material excellent but a little too dignified, the tailor doing as good work as possible but the back never fit just perfectly. And now a tuxedo, for Koethe's wedding. But from where? Mutti sure she could get it from the household money. Skimping — today she had saved one mark; by buying the meat at the shop three streets over last week she had saved six marks altogether. Mutti carefully adding on a pfennig here and there in her reports to Father. Nowadays Mutti always accounted to Father for every mark given her. Father boredly listening to the items of expenditure from the last twenty marks when he gave her the next twenty. Always some few corrections to make in Mutti's addi-

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tion. Mutti not quite sure, couldn't remember how much the sausage was, suggesting she'd forgotten and would ask the maid. "Now, please, Mathilde, we do not depend on an ignorant servant girl to keep our personal expenses. You have made some mistake and you can not account for two marks. But you are out of money, so here are twenty marks. From now on write down your expenses just as soon as the maid comes from the market, and you can show me the written statements." Mutti awed. Something new again to do. The next week writing everything down. So many pfennigs here, so many pfennigs there, always adding on a little for the tuxedo. Then making a stupid blunder and, entirely unaware of it, bringing the paper to Father. Father bored but unsuspecting. "But, Mathilde, this can't be right. Here you have . . . "

MUTTI terrified, crying, sure she'd been detected. Explanations. She just wanted to be helpful, helpful. Hermann must have his tuxedo for Koethe's wedding, he must have as good a one as Hans had. Father angry, purple angry. Behind his back all this had been done. Couldn't he be trusted to see that his son had the proper clothing? Was it thinkable that he was not going to buy Hermann a tuxedo before Koethe's wedding? Father turning on him. Had he known that his mother was doing all this secretly? Mutti looking at him. But what could one do? Father's face quite purple. Why, certainly, he had known nothing about it; it was a very kind thought on Mutti's part and it was wonderful that Father, too, had planned for him. Father clearing his throat to end the scene. Where were these ridiculous, paltry few marks that had been stolen from the household account? Mutti fetching them awkwardly from her secretary. Father turning to him. "We may as well go to the tailor now and order a tuxedo for you before any more nonsense is made in my house."

Coming home from the tailor's. Mutti getting her dress ready for the wedding. Sponging, pressing, turning the black silk. How old was it? Really, one no longer knew at all how long Mutti had worn that black silk.

* * *

THE matter of his career. The university out of the question. Father writing letters, to Berlin, to Hamburg, to Bremen. Always the exceedingly polite replies. Regarding his son there was at present nothing available, but the matter would be given constant attention and at the earliest opportunity. . . . Finally the volunteer apprenticeship at the bank in Hamburg. Work that any boy of fourteen could have done. Endless copying, manipulating the old-fashioned letter press, doing countless errands of no importance. Looking about at men of forty who had been army officers and today were super-clerks. A man of fifty who had a brilliant war record who was Herr Direktor over a small department.

A small, uncomfortably clean, and very chilly room in the minister's house in the suburb. To work every morning on the elevated. And then the girl on the bicycle — Sigrid. Chestnut hair, wavy, bobbed. Impos-

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sible not to run the fingers through those silken, chestnut *strips*. "*Puff*," always. Father Jewish, mother Gentile. Something infinitely cheerful, comfortable, carnal about the Westheimer apartment. No ambitions, no social position, no titles — one did not even say "Gnädige Frau." He could play chess with Karl while Sigrid pored over a cheap magazine. Dinner a wonderful adventure. Excellent food almost a fetish at the Westheimer home. Sigrid eating so much and sleepy afterwards. Sigrid, sixteen. Instinctive cleverness in love.

Two hours for lunch. A sandwich and a glass of beer. Sigrid waiting for him on the corner, her fur coat wrapped about her, all the *savoir faire* of an actress. Impossible to go back to the bank that afternoon. Sigrid loved the monkeys in the *Tiergarten*. A day now and then missed from the bank. No one said anything, no one cared; he got no money, how could they miss him? Spring and a picnic down the Alster. Three days away from the bank, away from the letter press.

Sigrid's cousin back from Chicago. Possibilities, but many of the immigrants had to begin as bus boys. One must know the language. Some of them stayed bus boys. Others in three years amounted to something. The cousin making a fortune on the stock exchange. The Americans were lazy, careless, friendly. If one was smart one could get ahead quickly, there was no one to stop you there. Only the stupid were clerks. No volunteers. Even the clerks could get twenty dollars a week. Eighty marks! But the quota. There were so many applications. Sometimes it took a year. With influence one could sometimes get on quickly. But one needed some time, anyway.

Father suddenly in Hamburg. Inquiring for him at the bank. He had not been there for two days. Father, disgusted, listening only because one had to have a career some way.

Back to Crefeld to study English until the name was on the quota. Sigrid a little tearful. Not too much, assuring him there would be some one else if he didn't soon make a fortune in America and send for her. Send for Sigrid? In America where he had heard that women love to have the hand kissed, where very young girls drive their own automobiles, in America where he had no intention of being a bus boy, send for Sigrid? She would some day marry some comfortable merchant. Frau Kauffman, Sigrid. Would she get stout, or would she stay thin, like her mother?

* * *

He put the coin back into his pocket. After all the hall was only gloomy, not dark, and the light never stayed on until you were up three flights of stairs. There would be no more of this mournful business of putting a pfennig into the slot for lights in the hall when he got to America, he thought cheerfully, as he mounted the shadowy steps. He closed the inside door gently; it was all too silent. He went into the dining room. They were just sitting down. No, he was not late, but he was not five minutes, three minutes, or even two minutes early. More complete silence. He was actually

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enjoying the situation. It was like that moment in the theatre when the lights have gone down and the curtain has not risen, but you know that all the players are on the stage and that soon you will see them, and the action of the play will unfold itself. Of course, he had not been to the theatre very often; but, then, he read the reviews in the illustrated weekly, and that served him well in intellectual company.

The peasant girl, whose maid's uniform had a way of seeming hung on her broad frame like a garment on a wire coat hanger, brought in the soup. It was not a rich, thick concoction with bits of mushrooms, like soup at Tante Tietjen's, but a thin yellowish fluid which tasted faintly of carrots. Mutti had rather audibly swallowed three spoonfuls. Father had the first one down. Was the second one following? He had lifted it, started inclining his body to meet it, just the right number of degrees, no farther. The soup was not quite high enough. The hand of Herr Oberregierungsrat Doktor Wiemer held the spoon in mid air. The spoon was dropped back into the dish. Soup splattered on the table cloth.

"NO, THIS can't go on. I won't have it. You can continue to pack your baggage, but not for America. This evening you leave this house, and we find for you right here, in Crefeld, an apprenticeship. I shall see to it that you have a place to stay and something to eat, but not one pfennig to spend for wine for the daughter of a *Kapellmeister!* When we are straining everything to get you to America — three months of English tutoring, steamship passage, money for making a start in the United States, and you, on these days, are planning and thinking nothing but idiocy!"

HE REFLECTED calmly that Father had never before spilled soup on the table cloth. It was too bad Father could not do his part better, that he must spill soup like a butcher or a green grocer. It lacked the dignity of the fine purple rage he had expected. Disappointing.

"Father, I naturally don't know what you are talking about —"

"And now you lie! You know perfectly well of what I speak. This girl in Hamburg. Mother read your picture card with its beautiful message of devotion, affection expressed on the outside of a picture card addressed to some cheap thing in Hamburg, something with a Jewish name and who may know plenty of sailors, and my son along with them!"

Mutti frightenedly radiant. The alliance!

"If you mean the picture card I wrote —"

"Naturally I mean the picture card you wrote. Are you so stupid that it is just beginning to come to you what I am talking about, or do you have so many Jewish girls as *Freundinnen* that you have to try to recall which one it is?"

"Father, I still can't —"

"And there you sit showing every instinct of a peasant. I might have known. You can not continue to be a gentleman under misfortune. Have I stopped any? No, I never shall. But you, what are you? Deceiving about this girl, lying to me now. You, are you my son? No, you are, evi-

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dently can only be — a Zimmermann. God be thanked I don't know them well."

Mutti had died. It had crystallized itself, been said. Alliance? As surely as she sat there she was dead. Father had not glanced at her, had not thought of her. How much longer would she live? Oh, thirty years, perhaps, but she was quite and totally dead, killed once for all.

WELL, it was his turn now. "Father, please listen to me just a moment. Mutti surely thought she was correct when she told you all this. I did write a post card. It is to a Jewish girl in Hamburg — a university professor's daughter — who thought I was sailing from Hamburg, instead of Bremen. She invited me to come to her home between the train and the boat train. I wrote refusing as politely as possible. That is all."

"Mathilde?"

She could only shake her head; three times, stiffly, the vacant face turned from side to side.

"Fortunately I can prove what I have said. I took the card with me to mail when I went out just before *Mittagsessen*, and, since I stayed a little too long at Fraulein Hahn's, I didn't go to drop it on the way home. Here is the card. Read it. You will see that it says I should like very much to see her again before I leave, that such a visit means much to me, that unfortunately my plans are such that this will be impossible. The expression of affection, you will observe, is in quotation marks. It is a silly, sentimental phrase we joked about from a French novel. Mutti must have read the card very hastily." A kind tone, a very kind tone.

"Mathilde, is it the same card?"

She seemed to be addressing herself. "No, it can't be. This time I am surely not mistaken . . ."

"Mathilde, will you manage to look at this card and tell me if it is the same one you read?"

"The *Bahnhof*, the new *Bahnhof*, that was the picture. Is this the new *Bahnhof?* Ach, yes, the same view. But the message — it was exactly opposite, exactly opposite — he was going to see her, it meant much to him, his plans were such that it would really be possible. And there were no marks about the phrase. I can not have read it wrong. There was a very tiny ink blot in the upper corner on the face of the card — that, too, is there. Yes, there is the ink blot. But I can not have read it wrong — I — I am not suspicious — I am not hunting — I would never have thought — it must be the same card, but I thought I read . . ."

Father had gone. The door of his room had closed.

SHE looked at him confusedly, bewilderedly. She had defense if she could grasp it. A hybrid sound of cough and groan escaped her throat. He saw she was done.

Lightly, a light tone. "Well, Mutti, let us finish our *Mittagsessen*. What have we next after this soup?"

He whistled a little as he packed the fibre trunk, *Ich habe etwas verloren*. Rather too bad one had to travel with such a trunk. Father had bought it for that first trip to Spain, fully thirty years ago. Well, one's trunk stayed in one's cabin. In tourist class there were always likely

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to be nursemaids who had been back to Germany on a visit. One must avoid them. Queer, too, they sometimes looked quite presentable. But there would be some nice people in tourist class. None of the Americans so traveling would do, but Germans, yes, German students, their cheeks quilted with duel scars, intellectuals, like those two daughters of the famous novelist who always went tourist because they wanted to spend more money on the other side — people like that would be good boat acquaintances. An air of distinction soon brought one together with such people. That merely amounted to eating asparagus with the fingers. Well, fortunately, he could eat his asparagus successfully with his fingers.

Tinge of Sand

By Charles Malam

Shady ways are pleasant ways.
Nothing shakes the drowsy pillow
Where the brook in deep pool plays
Under summer sun and willow.
Nothing stirs the freckled sand
To remind it it is land,
To imply with iron mirth
The sad burden of the earth.

I would seek the greenest pool,
Loll forever out of sight
By a boulder, silent, cool,
Let earth set itself aright —
But for fear the tinge of sand
Might usurp with speckled band
My identity and days
In the pleasant shady ways.

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You Got to Be Nice

By Philip Dryer

A Story

I was standing at the corner of MacDougal and Fourth Street and slipping the cards to tourists from uptown, like I always did on Saturday nights, when along come Ralph Jennings and another guy. Some young kid.

"Hello, Doggy! Haven't you had the old mug lifted yet?" Ralph cracked.

Honest, just because when I was a kid on Bleecker Street and a plate-glass window cut my map up pretty bad because of the Black Tom explosion, I've had to listen to more cheap cracks! I kind of liked Ralph, but because he knew me so long he thought it wasn't nothing when he passed those remarks, but it got my cork every time even if I laughed it off.

"Hello, Ralph, how are you?" I said.

"Splendiferous, Doggy, me lad, splendissimus — a — um! Say, meet Tom Rogers."

Ralph was pie-eyed again. Some of those artists and poets could of even put me under the table. Me and this Rogers kid shook hands, and I sized up right away he was another kid fresh from school and down here looking for kindred souls and inspiration. Me, I knowed all about it. What a laugh!

"Say, Doggy! Come on over to Freddy's with us and have a beer," Ralph said.

I already sent Mike enough business for a while, so I said okay.

We went up MacDougal to 131 next to the Provincetown where I helped with the scenery for one of Gene O'Neill's plays when nobody knowed him. Yes, I knowed him and Red Lewis, too. I knowed everybody what's been here for the last twenty years. Every last one of them was nuts, but I been around so much with those kind of guys and their high-talking skirts that I picked up a wonderful vocabulary. I used to fry steaks for them at parties, and I sure learned all about art and literature and that kind of boloney. And when I was cook for Norah in the Doll's House on Bleecker Street for three months, believe me, I learned everything from A to Z.

We went in to Freddy's, and the whole crowd was there at the tables. I saw Marcia in a corner, looking like a knock-out with her red floppy hat and her black scarf around her neck and those blue eyes of hers.

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She was with two guys with stiff collars and spats, so I knew she was working her racket. Free drinks. I didn't want to muscle in and queer the works, maybe, but she saw us and hollered, "Why, Dog, darling! Ralph! Come over here."

THE three of us went over, and we was introduced — sure, I was used to that kind of society stuff, and Blackie brought over some beers. I had to laugh at that kid, Rogers. He was taking everything in like it was back-stage at the Winter Garden.

"Marcia, I salute your unfailing genius." Ralph was beginning to crack wise again. "However, may I suggest a little versatility in your choice of sub —"

The Rogers kid butted in. "Say, Ralph — aren't all these caricatures on the walls yours?"

Ralph begun to look snidey like he always did when some of his tourist-friends asked him that. "Tom, you can find the fruits of my art in every hole West, South and North of the Square as far as Fourteenth Street."

One of the foreigners from uptown took Marcia's hand and pulled the calf-act. "So you're an artist, too, eh? What do you do?"

I was wise that Marcia was crazy about Ralph, even if lots of times he said things what got her cork. Me, I didn't even try to get the Greek he was throwing half the time, but I could tell he pulled a three-bagger that time. Marcia was sore.

She closed her eyes and lifted her nose in the air and said kind of dreamy, "I secure suitable subjects to help me eject reality."

I ain't hep to what that means, but the guy wasn't, neither. "What do you mean?" he said.

Marcia looked at him with her big round eyes, and then she rattled off a lot of big words. The guy was locoed of course, so he shut up. I tell you they was all plain cracked. I bet they don't even talk in books like she talked that time. Anyhow, it shut the guy up, but Marcia was lamping daggers at Ralph.

Him and Rogers was having a regular pow-wow. Rogers was saying, kind of excited, "There's lots of stuff here, Ralph! Apaches in the New World!"

"Yes." Ralph laughed through his schnozzle. "But up-to-date, with all the wrinkles."

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to —"

Ralph got kind of disgusted. "Hell! I know plenty, but who wants to bother about these gorillas! Write about a he and a she in Normandy and send it to the *Home Fire Sheet*. It pays a lot better. There! That was an original observation, for a change."

Me, I got the drift then, and he was wise. Silly and Moe was at the next table. They was looking at me.

THE door opened, and in come strutting Benny. Boy, he was a knock-out. He was sporting a stiff blue collar and a blue tie and real sparklers and a pair of spats. He had a cane even. He made me look like two cents, honest. Benny was a real smart lawyer, and he had real Park Avenue style. When one of the boys got a little clumsy, Benny always saw the judge first thing in the morning and everything was jake.

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Ralph saw him and said, "Hi, Benny!"

Benny come over. "Hello, sweetheart," he said to Marcia.

Marcia didn't like him, even if he was supposed to be a assistant district attorney in Brooklyn, so she just frosted him. That just goes to show how dumb all the high-brows are. Benny could of done a lot for that moll.

HE SAT down between me and Ralph. "Freddy here?" he said low to me.

"Yes, why?" I said.

"Tonight's pay-day, you punch-drunk gorilla. What's it to you, anyway?"

"Oh! So the boss is going to drop in, hunh?" I said, like a hayseed.

"Shut your trap!" He turned around on me and begun jawing with Ralph and Rogers. Benny and Ralph was great pals, only Ralph didn't know nothing. See? Me, I didn't feel so good, and was I sore at myself! Guys what got too nosey has a beautiful funeral, everybody knows that.

"What's the matter, Benny?" Ralph laughed. "Sore at Doggy?"

"He's one dumb animal."

I was getting sorer and sorer. At myself and Benny and at that smart-boy Ralph.

"What you should really do, Doggy," Ralph said, "is what I've always been telling you. Get your face lifted. I can give you the address of a good plastic surgeon. If you were only beautiful, we'd all love you."

"Ah! Go to hell!" That guy got my nanny, honest.

I heard Rogers say low, "Cut that stuff, Ralph! What's the idea, anyway?"

"Oh, he doesn't mind. He's simple."

They was talking like if I wasn't there even. Benny took out a nifty lighter and a cigar.

"Say, Benny," Ralph said, "where did you get the lighter?"

"A racketeer sent it to me from the stir, after I sent him up for three years. For my courteous treatment of him."

"Ha! Ha!" It seemed to tickle Ralph. "What a life! For your — Ha! Ha!"

It sure was a laugh. Benny was one smart boy. Only it was the other way around. It was Honest Bloomberg what got one from Tim after Bloomie sent him up. And a judge sent Benny his after Benny kicked him off the chief's pay-roll and sicked the dogs on him.

I TURNED around to chew the rag with Marcia, but she was busy with the uptowners. She was sitting sideways against the table, and she had her knees crossed, and — well, anyway, she was one sweet baby. Even if that kind of babe never gave me no tumble. They used to kid me around, that's all.

The door opened again, and in walked Luigi and Patsy. They looked around, and Patsy stuck his head outside. And then in come the chief and Louie and Johnny and Dominick. Everything got quiet all of a sudden and the chief said hello to everybody. He was nice and quiet, like always, but he looked like his liver wasn't treating him right again. He was in civvies, of course.

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"Who's that?" Rogers said to Ralph.

"Cavrilla. Lieutenant of the precinct."

"What! You mean — a cop?"

"Yep."

"But what — "

"Shut up. And talk lower. He's one of the satraps."

I don't know what that means, neither. But the advice was wonderful, coming or going.

FREDDY come out of the back room and said hello, and then he went back in. Luigi went in after him and then the chief and then Johnny. Blackie asked Louie and Dominick and Patsy if they wanted a beer, but they said no. They just leaned against the wall near the doorway with their hands in their pockets and their collars up. They looked like they needed a shave, so I guessed they must of been busy the last couple days.

"Say, Ralph," Rogers said, "are those fellows his body-guard?"

"Yes."

"Those tramps? I thought those fellows were always young and slick and dressed to kill."

"Listen to me, Tom," Ralph said. He'd been having a lot of beers, on top of what he was carrying already, and he begun to talk real out loud. "Cavrilla, the dirty bum, knows what he's doing. Those yeggs with him are married and respectable and they don't go gadding around and their fat old wives know how to keep their mouths shut. And these boys can beat William Tell at his own game."

"Well!"

"Shut up. And for Chrisake, don't talk so loud? And don't ask me so many questions!" Believe me, he was soused.

Everybody was looking at us, and me, I didn't begin to feel so good. Moe leaned over from the other table and shoved Ralph on the shoulder. "Hey, guy, that's no way to talk!"

Marcia got kind of white and leaned over and yanked Ralph by his necktie. "Shut your damfool mouth."

Benny wasn't saying a word. Or me, neither. Ralph got up to lambaste Moe, but Benny pulled him down again. Moe and Silly was already standing up, and they had their hands under their coat-lapels, and they was shrugging their holsters easy. Benny looked at them, and they sat down quick. Me, I begun to breathe again.

Luigi come out of the back room, and then Freddy and the chief, and then Johnny. They was all laughing.

"Have a beer?" Freddy said.

"All right. A quick one." The chief looked like he was feeling better.

THEY all lined up to the bar, except Patsy and Dominick, and they leaned their backs against the bar and kept their hands in their pockets. I wouldn't of wanted their job for no money.

"Their hands must certainly be cold," Rogers whispered to Ralph.

"Let him alone!" Benny was getting sick of that dumb kid, and I didn't blame him such a hell of a lot.

Ralph was sore clean through, but he wasn't saying nothing. He took out a pad and pencil and begun to draw fast a picture of the chief at the bar. Believe me, Ralph was

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tough, and he could use a wicked pencil. Rogers looked over his shoulder and said, excited, "That's great, Ralph! You've got him, all right. The jowls and the thin curved beak of a nose. And those little eyes!"

Ralph just said shut up and kept on drawing. Moe got up and leaned over his shoulder. He grabbed the pad and held it up.

"Say, chief!" he said. "You want to take a look at this?"

THE chief put down his beer and looked around. Then he come over, the boys all around him. He looked at Benny next to Ralph, and then he looked at me and Marcia and the foreigners. I didn't feel good. We was all quiet. The light was strong and there was a lot of smoke from everybody's butts and the sweat smelled. I felt like clearing my throat, but I didn't.

"What you got there?" the chief asked Moe.

Ralph was sitting like he didn't give no damn for nobody, and Moe gave the pad to the chief. The chief looked at it a long time, and then he run his finger along his tongue. The chief didn't like it one little bit. He looked at me and Ralph again, and I begun to sweat good. He knew all about me and my friends.

The chief laughed easy and said to Ralph, "You do this?"

"Yep." Ralph took another drink. I'd of liked to of burned him right then and there.

"And that ain't all," Moe butted in. "Him and this kid with him is going to give you a writing-up!"

Quick as anything, Ralph jumped up and turned around and straight-armed Moe so hard he grunted like a stuck pig. Moe fell back flat on the table, and his mouth and nose begun to bleed hard. The chief grabbed Ralph and slammed him down in the chair.

"Is it straight what my boy said?"

"Hell, no! But I want that gorilla of yours — and you — to keep your paws off the kid!" That just goes to show what rot-gut does to a guy.

The chief leaned over and tapped his finger hard on Ralph's vest. "Listen, you! You're fresh boloney! I know you. I don't want to see you no more on Fourth Street. Get me? No more!"

Ralph stood up quick and kicked his chair away in back of him and grabbed the pad. "Listen!" He was talking through his molars. "Next Thursday, that thing is going to be in the *Gotham Weekly*. And five thousand words are going to go with it that are going to blow you sky-high!"

The chief took out a cigar and laughed. "All right. Suit yourself!"

HE SMILED and rubbed his hands and looked at Moe and Silly. Jeez! A rubbing out! I looked quick for Moe and Silly, and they was already making tracks. Then the chief looked slow at me and Benny, and all of a sudden I was cold all over. Me, I didn't have no belly, like the other boys, for no such stuff.

"All right, boys," the chief said, "take me home." Him and the boys left, him in the middle.

The Rogers kid looked kind of sick and white. "Think he'll try anything, Ralph?"

Ralph was still pickled, but beginning to sober up. "What do you think, Benny?" he said.

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"Well, I don't know what — "

Marcia butted in quick, "Benny, take that fool away until he's sober. He's as responsible as a two-year-old right now. Please, Benny!" She knew they was pals. "Take that moron away!"

"All right. Listen, you," Benny said to Rogers, "beat it, quick."

Rogers looked at Ralph.

"Beat it."

Rogers beat it.

"Listen, Marcia," Benny said, "I know of a place where I can stow him away, but — "

"Oh, for God's sake! Stop your chatter! Go on!"

BENNY got up and took Ralph by the arm. They went out, and I followed close. It was dark in the hall. I saw the outside door close behind Benny and Ralph, and then somebody grabbed me by the arm. I turned quick, and, believe me, my hand was at my holster. It was Marcia.

"Where are you going, Doggy?"

"Why, Marcia, what you worrying about?" I said. "I'm going to help Benny with Ralph."

"You stay here. Everybody will know you."

"Leave go of me." I was in a hurry. "Benny's waiting for me."

"You stay here!"

Those dictionary dames thought they was different from other molls. I pinched her.

"Don't you worry none, kid." I guess I kind of laughed.

She hauled off and socked me. "You filthy animal!" She socked me again.

Honest, those kind of dames thought they was everything. You can't blame me for getting sore. I grabbed her and threw my arm around her and sunk my nails in. With my other hand, I knuckled her Adam's apple, hard. I knowed she was going to yell, so I knuckled her again. I guess that must of made her kind of sick, because there wasn't no more of a peep out of her. I grabbed her under my arm, she was only a little moll, and I hauled her up to Joe's room.

"Here's somebody what thinks she's Mrs. Astor," I said and shoved her into the room.

She jumped around and grabbed my wrist. What a bite she gave me! I had my iron out to massage her, but I dropped it and gave her a backswipe what bloodied her mouth good. She fell against Joe and I beat it.

I WENT banging down the stairs. Benny might of got tired waiting for me. The whole street was jammed with taxis. I couldn't see the Studie with Moe and Silly, but I didn't try hard. Near the corner at Fourth Street, I saw Benny having trouble getting Ralph into the Pierce. I run over and gave him a hand. Ralph had a real load on.

"You flat-footed gorilla, where have you been?" Benny said.

"Needs his map lifted." Ralph thought he could show us what a brave guy he was. It cooked his goose with me.

Benny got in at the wheel, and I got in back with Ralph. We turned the corner and went up Washington Square South.

"Where are you going, Benny?" Ralph said.

"Never mind, we'll be there in a little while."

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"Suppose they spray us with Tommies!" He was biting away at his knuckle.

"Dont worry," Benny said. "We're proof, you fool."

I looked through the back window and saw the Studie come round the corner. I almost laughed out loud. They was giving us plenty time. It was going to be easier than what I thought, a real picnic.

I leaned ahead and said, "Make it snappy, Benny."

We went all around and come down Eighth Street, and then we went up the Avenue soft and quick. The Studie was giving us about three hundred yards. It was late and there wasn't a lot of cars and so it was dead easy. What a laugh!

Ralph's knuckle was bleeding. "For God's sake, Benny, step on that gas!"

"All right, all right. No one knows where we are or where we're going, anyway."

"Say!" Ralph yelled. "Where in all hell is your sign!"

"Oh, yes!" Benny said. "I forgot."

HE BENT down with one hand and picked up a black sign with white letters on it. DEP'T. OF JUSTICE. He stuck it against the windshield.

"Don't you have it up all the time?" Ralph said.

"Too much side, Ralph." Benny sounded just like a college boy. Nobody could of tripped him up.

We begun to travel real fast and then Benny started to turn down West Twelfth, but some Chevvie thought we wasn't, because of the one-way sign.

"Swipe him, Benny! Swipe him!" I yelled. I was sure enjoying myself.

Benny swore and jammed down on the gas and twisted for all he was worth. There was a quick hard bump and we jumped away like a scared rabbit, and then I heard glass smashing while we went fast and easy down Twelfth. I looked back and saw the Chevvie laying on its side and the wheels spinning. Boy, I just laid back and roared.

Ralph grabbed me, and I saw his eyes. "Listen, you gorilla, I'll brain you if you don't stop that laughing!"

He looked kind of dangerous, so I said okay, okay. If I'd of had my iron, maybe I'd of gave him a rubbing right then. But maybe not, because I ain't like the other boys, and I got to take plenty coke after it. And, anyway, Ralph was a friend of mine.

WE WAS going sixty when some damn bull blew his whistle. Benny jammed down on the footbrake and yanked up the emergency and we went skidding all over and just missed a parkie.

"Go on ahead, Benny!" I yelled. "What's the idea!"

"Go ahead!" Ralph said.

"Nothing doing. I don't want my plate-number sent in."

"Well, what of it! What's a ticket!"

"I don't want even a suspension against me." Benny was sure one smart boy.

The flat-foot come running over. "Hey! Didn't you see no sign!"

Benny got sore. "You, rookie! Didn't you? Didn't you see *that* sign?" He pointed at the sign against the windshield.

The bull took a look and didn't

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know what to do with himself. "Excuse me, chief," he said, "but — but you got your badge?"

Benny dug down in his pants-pocket and pulled out a badge. The bull took it and flashed his lamp on it, and then he looked at the name on the back.

"Excuse me, chief," he scratched the back of his conk, "but you know I got my orders. How do I know this here's yours?"

"Well I'll be damned!" Benny pulled out his driving license and showed him the name. "Okay?"

"Okay, boss!" The bull touched his cap. "Excuse it, chief!"

We went slamming off again. I didn't look around, but I was on to Moe and Silly. They must of stopped, too, to give us a chance with our freight. I was going to ask Benny about the badge, but I remembered Ralph was in the boat, and then I remembered Honest Bloomberg what got his coming out of the Brooklyn post-office where he was the talent behind the Prohibition bums. Right in broad daylight they salted him and frisked him. Anyway, he was too sure he could of sent Ike up for a frying.

I looked at Ralph. He had his head in his hands and was shaking to beat the band. I slapped him on the back.

"Don't be dumb, Ralph. What you worrying about?" I said.

"Shut up, you!" He yelled at me. "That cop wouldn't have held us up if he hadn't seen you in the car!"

"Here's Abingdon Square!" Benny yipped out.

"*Okay!*" I said. "Cross Hudson Street and go under the L and stop at Frau Werner's!"

I looked back and saw headlights away back coming fast.

"We're near the water, aren't we?" Ralph said to me.

"Yes. Come on, we're getting out in a second."

"Listen!" He grabbed my coat. "Sure I'll be all right here?"

"Absolutely. Come on." I was in a hurry. The headlights was coming real fast.

Benny pulled the car to the curb, and we hopped out. Benny yelled "So long, Ralph!" and beat it quick. He sounded kind of funny.

Ralph turned around to say so long, but I grabbed him by the shoulder and hauled him up the stairs to the door. It wasn't locked, and I stepped in fast and banged it into Ralph's map. It was black as hell in the hall. I shoved the jigger down on the lock, and Ralph begun to yell high like a woman, "Let me in, you! Oh, my God! Let me in! Oh, Mother! Mother!" He sure was planted nice. I flopped on the floor and rolled over to the side. I heard the Studie come racing down. Ralph yelled long and loud like a woman and then the Tommies begun to rattle. Chips went flying out of the door. The boys kept going, and I hopped up quick and unlocked the door. Ralph had his mouth open like something was gagging him, and his tongue was hanging away out. His eyes looked like they was going to pop out of his head. He gave a kind of a big cough and fell against me, like a heavy sack of rags. And before I could help it even, the blood poured out of the damn stiff's mouth and ruined my suit what I had to shake down fifty bucks for, honest.

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Temple Rocking in the Movies

By Norah Wellesby

The Hollywood Samsons try harder than ever to accomplish the destruction of their industry, and of themselves

There are signs both within and without the motion picture industry that the producers must, for their own financial gain, stop trying to fit the public to the pictures instead of the pictures to the public.

The movies really are one of the wonders of this century. The fact that they moved was in itself such a marvel that for years the public had a seemingly unquenchable thirst for this product of the show world. The nickels, the dimes, the quarters and the fifty-cent pieces, trickling out from every town and hamlet, made streams of silver that flowed into great tributaries and were transmuted into rivers of gold for these new showmen. Fortunes were sometimes lost, but millions upon millions were made and held and made to multiply.

Such was our response that the film manufacturers seemed justified in setting up their system of manufacturing a standardized product to be spread through every town and village, a system that now seems to various analysts of the industry to be fast becoming its greatest liability instead of its greatest asset.

Of course, in this time of business depression reduced spending power is reflected in this business just as in all others, but there are, I believe, other economic reasons for this shrinkage. It was pointed out by The North American Review soon after the stock market collapse and before our spending power was so greatly curtailed that there had been several serious slumps in the motion picture industry and that there would be another as soon as the novelty of sound wore off. The article emphasized the fact that in each previous slump the producers had recouped themselves by some new offering, but that never had they faced the real underlying cause of public indifference. The motion picture producers' habit of easy money seems to have caused a kind of astigmatism. They haven't as a consequence been able to scrutinize their industry so closely as men in certain other fields of production.

Will this present slump that is causing all financiers and all economists to rack their brains for a constructive solution — even making conservatives, to whom the Soviet philosophy is anathema, consider

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what there is of value in the "five year plan" — will it cause the motion picture producers to overhaul the structure of their business? For therein, apparently, lies the chief source of their troubles. It is one of the commonplaces of manufacturing concerns that changing times necessitate radical adaptations, both in product and in methods of distribution. Mr. Ford had to give us different types of cars. The railways are having to modify their business to include aerial and bus transportation. The urban public is getting tired of half ripe fruit, hence the produce industry is having to devise methods of supplying us with fully ripened fruit. The radio is one of the most successful industries in serving the needs of different groups and classes of people. If you don't like what's coming over the wire, you can switch the dial and turn on a lecture, a talk on health or housekeeping. If you don't like the jazz, you may turn on a symphony concert. And if your mood is distinctly "pop," why, there's the diversion of the millions, "Amos an' Andy."

THE motion picture producers, however, have held on too long to their original set-up, to the policy of trying to make plays that every one will like, and that can be distributed around the world. That's the way their machinery is geared, so in spite of the changing times, our growing and diversified tastes, they have continued to try to force their product on us and make us like it. And there are increasing millions of us who don't like so much standardized drama. There are millions who never did, and together we are causing a shrinkage in theatres' receipts quite aside from that due to hard times. (Producer publicity has told us that 115,000,000 tickets are sold weekly. However, Silas Bent in his recent survey writes that his painstaking investigation shows that less than 35,000,000 attend the pictures weekly.) Another way of stating the producers' problem in standardizing this product is that it bears too close a relation to art to lend itself beyond certain limits to mass production.

THE producers point out with much feeling the great number of films they have made from novels and plays the public loves. Yes, but what did they do to most of these famous plots? In Hollywood parlance, they "dumbed them up" for the mob. Writers who were invited to come by plane to Hollywood to supervise the making of their films and had their arrival hailed with great publicity have been left to sit on the beach and tear their hair while directors turned out their films in a form that reminded the outraged authors of the current radio illustration, two pictures of some person, the first true in its proportions, the other sickeningly distorted. They feel that the policy of the industry is equally unbalanced; and its receipts will probably show that it is.

Some of these films prove a big success, but many of them are a little above the crowd and below the standards of the discriminating. The producers call on high heaven to witness either their losses, or their slow receipts, when they really do their utmost to please with extraordinarily good productions like *Chang*, *Rango*, *Disraeli*, and *Old English*. But that

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doesn't prove there isn't a profitable demand for such plays, if they would develop a national circuit of small houses to show this kind of product. There are millions of us who would patronize them. Several such independent houses in New York are doing a very profitable business when they can get the right films. The history of some of them has been a heart-breaking struggle against the industry's custom of requiring exhibitors to book in blocks or buy single plays on a highly costly percentage basis. One interesting result has been the showing of an increasing number of foreign plays, and not all gloomy ones either. Some of them fill the house for weeks.

PREDICTION of the added profits that could be made by the producers from such a policy now comes from an authoritative source within the industry. Arthur E. Krows, Director of the Electrical Research Products Corporation of the Western Electric Company — which, together with the Radio Corporation of America, perfects and supplies the leading sound machines of our movie industry — voices this conviction in no uncertain terms. At the recent convention of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures he presented impressive figures showing the enormous waste of money incurred in making a large number of duplicate films of special interest and then putting them through the present distribution mill. He gave as an illustration the distribution costs on an excellent film made by some dairymen and then turned over to one of the big distributors. It was the kind of picture that would be of the keenest interest in dairy districts like New York and Wisconsin and correspondingly less elsewhere. But once put in the hands of the distributor it had to cover the rest of the territory. Its distribution cost $225,000, leaving a net of only about $7 a week to the producers for the two years it was in circulation. He maintained that good films created for special groups or classes could and would make money when this waste was eliminated.

CREIGHTON PEET, one of our keenest movie critics, has also pointed out with humor that this division of product will be a relief to all patrons, that those who like run-of-the-mill movies will patronize them with a greater sense of security if they feel sure "they won't have their evening spoiled by one of those terrible 'high brow' films," and that discriminating people will go twice as often if they are sure of not being bored or offended. Of course now and then comes a play done in terms of such power that it has a universal appeal—like *All Quiet on the Western Front*, but to appreciate how difficult it is to achieve any movie that grips us all, we have only to remember how few novelists, or playwrights who create for the legitimate stage, ever achieve such greatness. In short, genius is scarce. For the many who can hold special audiences there are only a few who can plumb the emotional depths that underlie in all of us our differences of background and education.

Meanwhile those of the intelligent middle class public that want to go to the movies and refuse to take a chance have a great time hunting

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their kind of product. They can't trust the blurbs, with every play described in superlatives, and wholesome plays concealed by suggestive advertisements. (A mild ad of recent date tells how "she" taught Abraham Lincoln to love and like it.) And local newspapers who get paid for advertising attractions do not always feel free to give their readers candid reviews. At least a dozen national clubs and organizations have taken to sending their members reviews of the movies to guide them in selecting the good from the "hokum."

I have heard that the producers are not too pleased with Mr. Krows' prophecy that their profits must eventually come from specializing film products although the event will probably prove that his judgment was sound. How they have received and responded to exhibitor criticism on the folly of trying to get patrons to come to plays unsuited to the community is fast becoming a matter of history.

EVEN though one, quite properly, attributes much of the present reduction in receipts to business depression, there are other unmistakable indications of growing dissatisfaction with their policies. Let us review them.

Notwithstanding exhibitor protest about losses from unsuitable plays and loss of public good-will from the same cause, the producers did their best to plug "the square peg in the round hole." Though they were competitors they combined for full line forcing of their product and required the exhibitor to contract for the entire annual output of each producer with whom he did business. This "block booking" he did under the terms of a "standard contract," usually before the plays were made. The producers explained that without this security they could not take the great risks involved, especially the plays that required vast outlay. Then, all too often the exhibitor found the big hits withdrawn from his supply for roadshowing or sale on a percentage basis and something else substituted, so that he was in a position of taking the risks without the special benefits. Why, he asked indignantly, did he and his public have to assume the producers' risks? But he was dealing with rich and arrogant corporations whose attitude about what they chose to give the exhibitor and his patrons seemed to be, "Take it and like it."

THE exhibitor's natural tendency to break contracts under such conditions was met by a clever political coup that resulted in a Board of Arbitration to enforce the clauses of this "standard contract." True, the exhibitor could by its terms throw out a few plays on the grounds of racial or religious prejudice, and ten per cent of the product if his idealism was so strong as to make him pay half price rather than run it. But suppose he refused to pay for a film he knew his patrons wouldn't like, the Board could then withhold all film service until he put up security of not to exceed $500 with each producer with whom he had contractual relations. If he still held out he could be crushed to earth by having all of his big producer contracts cancelled. He was then free to rise and start life over again as best he could.

Meanwhile the rich producers, de-

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sirous of getting rich still faster, decided to go into competition with their retailers and began to develop chain picture houses. Mr. Krows in his incisive, dryly humorous and highly informative volume, *The Talkies*, recently off the press, states that the chains have put 2,000 independent houses out of business. Some of them, ill-kempt and poorly run, we know deserved to die, but in general the more successful and independent the exhibitor the more succulent a meal he made for the Chain Dragon which wound its way from town to town selecting the fattest and the best, saying to each victim in effect, "You may as well suubmit gracefully for I shall swallow you anyway. Head first please." Most of these, Mr. Krows maintains, were "community houses" that, the future will show painfully, should have been nursed carefully for the good of the industry as a whole. Wall Street men point to more than one business combination grown so big it developed what they term "weak legs." And experience seems to be proving that a good local owner can get more business from a community than can a chain theatre run at long range from New York.

APPARENTLY the industry is discovering where the "margin of profit" lies, for chain houses that did not pay have come back on the market. They need not have been quite so oppressive. From various causes, among them overbuilding, competitive practices, the advent of sound, and business depression, there are at this writing, according to official estimate, nearly *800 closed sound* and *over 3,800 closed silent houses*.

I have no doubt that producers can cite instances of fair purchase, but the records of the exhibitors are replete with cases in which the tactics recall the ruthlessness of the old Standard Oil Company and other big combinations.

Quite aside from the special compulsions used to acquire these businesses, once launched into competition with their retailers the producers favored their chain houses by giving each other what they denied the rest of the exhibitors, selection of product best suited to their respective houses, and by building up an elaborate system of "protection" which prevented competing houses within the territory of a chain house from showing any film run by it until after a certain amount of time had elapsed.

INEVITABLY the exhibitors began to organize in protest. They went yelping with pain to the Federal Trade Commission, and to the Senate. Hearings were held. They appealed to the Department of Justice to bring suit against the producers and make clear the illegality of this ruthless enforcing weapon, the Board of Arbitration. In 1929 Judge Thacher of the Federal District Court of New York tried the case and eventually rendered against the producers one of the most drastic decrees that has ever been entered against a trust. It was promptly appealed by the producers. Last fall the Supreme Court — without a single dissenting opinion — upheld the decision.

It does not do away with block booking, but it does strip the producers of their power to combine and destroy the rebellious exhibitor. Block booking in one form and

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another, and with various modifications, continues, according to the exhibitors, to be pushed to their disadvantage by the big producing concerns separately. At the last convention of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors there were passed resolutions protesting at the size and unwieldiness of the blocks; at the unusually large number of poor quality pictures, the forced showing of which injures their business; the number of pictures unfit for neighborhood and small town theatres; and to get after the Federal Trade Commission to speed up all pending actions for declaring block booking illegal.

Harrison's Reports, weekly trade organ of the exhibitors, announces that a court decision, made by Judge Cosgrave in California, at last furnishes a precedent for winning decisions against block booking.

THE Brookhart Bill to outlaw block booking and unfair "protection" is still pending.

Senator Clarence C. Dill has introduced in the Senate a bill calling for another investigation of the industry particularly the activities of Mr. Hays as liaison officer of the big producers.

In North Carolina a bill to outlaw protection recently passed the house and lacked only five votes of passing the Senate. This, while not important in itself, may be a straw that indicates which way the wind is going to blow.

Still another grievance the exhibitor has, one that is like a toothache to him. The New Jersey association of exhibitors maintains that the independent has to pay a higher percentage of his gross for film than does the chain house, and proposes bringing action against the producers. For the millions of us who patronize these houses it probably means we must share his economies in quality of product. Why should our exhibitor not have the same choice of film for us that the chain houses have? Why shouldn't the product circulate on its merit just as in any other business? Why should protection hold up films until they are relatively stale before we can see them in our little house? Why should producers charge our exhibitor more of his gross proportionately than they do the chain house? We don't read much about these fierce internal struggles, but when we do, being good Americans, we're on the little fellow's side, especially when it affects our pleasure. With a hundred million a year being spent on advertising the films and another million spent on publicity, it isn't strange that the press, much as it loves to champion the people, does little fulminating on the subject. Much the same conditions hold for many of the national magazines. With some 250 articles on the movies listed in last year's *Reader's Guide* I found only a few — in the so-called high-brow magazines — that gave the public any real explanation of the economic set-up of the industry and how it affected us.

THERE is a new policy on the part of two large film manufacturing concerns about carrying advertisements that is, however, likely to draw fire from certain editors. Their publications' life blood is advertising, and now to have the producers competing with them to advertise manufacturers' products on the

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screen is — if the policy succeeds — a menace that some of them will fight as you or I would pernicious anaemia. Where advertising has been shown in the body of the picture both exhibitors and their patrons resented it. Neither cares to buy something that has already been paid for. Printed advertising or radio advertising you can ignore if you're not interested, but in the movie you can't escape it. The advertising short — if the picture itself is good and the advertising appears only at the beginning or the end, as "sponsored by the S—— Razor Blade Company," or whatever, may be accepted. It is too soon to tell.

In a campaign against this policy, which has had wide newspaper response, *Harrison's Reports* prophesies that its continuation will ruin the business. Mr. Harrison now has statements from nearly all the producers that they will not carry advertising in their films. It probably represents an experiment to see whether their public will accept it as they do radio advertising; also it represents an attempt to swell lowered receipts during the business depression. In the last analysis public opinion will settle the matter.

To an impartial observer it would seem that the matters reviewed, together with the greatly reduced gross receipts of the industry, indicate three things, that the producers will have to cater — as do the magazines, the book publishers and the newspapers — to different types of audiences; and reorganize their distribution system accordingly. It would also seem that it has been a mistake to enter into competition with their retailers. True they have got the lion's share of the marquee receipts, but in order to do this they have had to saddle themselves with a vast amount of real estate. It is understood that they now have more invested in a highly specialized form of real estate than they have in production itself. Mr. Krows warns them in his closing chapter that they are "rocking the foundations of their own temple." He believes that in ten years "a healthful readjustment will have been completed." But he warns the producers: "Let this final fact be whispered — the men and women now in the business will not be there unless they have changed their tactics with the changing tide."

However warped their vision may be about present problems, they watch clear-sightedly, and with increasing apprehension, the efforts of the research men to project movies through space — already this has been achieved on a ten-foot screen. Within the portals of the not too happy producers one hears the prophecy that ten years hence this new achievement will bring the movies to the fireside. Bill and his girl may still go to the picture house, but the millions of hardworking people who are going to enjoy the show in house-jacket and easy-chair will mean thousands of empty theatres for the producers, millions upon millions of their capital tied up in useless buildings. The ruthlessness with which the producers have cornered ninety per cent of the retail gross bids fair to become an avenging Nemesis.

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The Gentleman from Maryland

By Henry Carter

Continuing the examination of Governor Ritchie in his qualifications for the job of President

Part II

In a previous article some attempt was made to analyze and illustrate certain factors underlying the unique success attained by Albert Ritchie as Governor of Maryland. Reference was made to the single-minded and "professional" attitude which he had brought to his duties, and to the thoroughgoing diligence and intelligence which he had applied to his "profession" of being Governor. The essential element to which his success is attributable was described as being the application to public affairs of an intelligent, informed common sense coupled with a firm conviction, based on experience, that good government is to be attained through a careful limitation of the functions of government to the fields in which it can be truly effective, and by the maintenance of a vigorous and healthy local self-government as against the extension of a Federal bureaucracy. Examples were given of his applications of these simple and lucid common sense principles to the management of State affairs, in his reorganization and administration of State Government, in his practical and sensible handling of the water power question in Maryland, and perhaps most important, in the courageous and effective stand he has taken in refusing to permit good government in Maryland to be broken down by attempting to enforce an undesired and unneeded régime of National Prohibition. It is this stand which has made of Governor Ritchie a national figure, and it will be the purpose of this article to discuss his position on this and other matters of national import.

He has never wavered in his view that National Prohibition has no place in the Constitution and that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed outright, in spite of the persuasive arguments of political expediency advanced in favor of a revision that would still leave the possibility of control of the liquor problem by a Federal bureaucracy. Liquor control he holds to be a purely local question, to be settled

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by each State in accordance with its best traditions and interests, while the rôle of the Federal Government should be confined to assisting "dry" States to remain dry in fact through its control over inter-state commerce. This is the sum and substance of his much cited doctrine of States Rights, and in his contention that law enforcement in the realm of liquor control is only to be attained by restoring full rights and full responsibilities to the States there would appear to be an unescapable logic of experience and common sense, and one which would seem to be confirmed by findings of such bodies as the Wickersham Commission.

NATIONAL Prohibition as typified by Volsteadism Governor Ritchie expects to be an issue in 1932 and in succeeding elections until it is driven out of the Constitution and until the liquor question is restored to its proper place as a matter for local determination. The tendency of National Prohibition to destroy local self-government and so to undermine the essential basis for all law and order he regards as disturbing and dangerous and as such to be vigorously and continuously combatted. Nor is he in sympathy with those who would soft pedal Prohibition agitation until the present economic crisis is solved, supremely important as that is. Issues, he says, can not be chosen at will; they arise of their own accord and at their own good time; in facing one problem one can not safely ignore the requirements of another; the economic problem is serious, but so is the question of Prohibition, nor is it one that can be safely or successfully shelved or postponed; until it is honestly and resolutely faced it will continue to distort our public life and to hamper our national progress.

THE same sense of practicality informs the Governor's views on other national problems. He holds fast to the traditional Democratic doctrine that the foundation of good government is the self-reliance of the individual and his ability to manage his local affairs, and on this he formulates his views toward the present disturbing economic depression with its corollary problem of widespread unemployment and the need for relief measures in certain localities. He does not believe that the Government, that any government, can by fiat or otherwise restore prosperity. Prosperity or its absence is governed largely by economic and social forces beyond the realm in which political action can hope to be effective, forces against which government is in itself powerless. Ultimate recovery must depend upon the inherent strength of the individual cells making up the economic organism, and only in encouraging these to act and resist can the Government perform a useful service. Any tendency which would encourage the individual to look to the Government for a radical cure of his troubles must, by undermining his self-reliance and sense of responsibility, weaken the essential source of strength upon which eventual recovery is predicated. To hold forth the hope that the Government can restore prosperity, end unemployment, or take care of all the difficulties and sufferings that may arise, he considers not only false and

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misleading but definitely dangerous to economic health.

This, however, is not to say that he considers the Government to have no responsibility or that there are not ways in which it can act to ease the impact of maladjusted economic conditions. On the contrary, it can and should act, if only in the negative sense, by avoiding action which would interfere with a normal recovery, and by effecting adjustments wherever practicable and affording facilities to encourage a freer functioning of the economic processes of the nation.

For one thing he believes that the Government should not seek to avoid admitting the seriousness of the situation and recognizing the very grave conditions obtaining in various parts of the country. Ritchie has little patience with a policy of falsely optimistic statements or attempts to minimize the hardships the country will have to face in the slow and painful road to economic readjustment and recovery. Until the facts are faced there can be little hope of real improvement. If, however, they are recognized, including a realization of the powerlessness of Government to provide positive remedies, Governor Ritchie believes that the essential energy of the individual and of the local units and their interests will find a way through. That has been the way of the country in times of depression and that has been the experience in Maryland, even after its sufferings from the drought of 1930. At one time it appeared that general State relief to the stricken counties was inevitable, but the people of Maryland, trained in a tradition of self-reliance and self-assistance, have worked their way through without resorting to direct Government or State aid. This is of course the hard and the unpopular way of doing things, but there are few to deny that it is the sound way.

On the positive side Governor Ritchie feels that certain types of legislation can be distinctly helpful in meeting the times of depression. Long range planning of public works and accumulation of funds for that purpose to be used in times of economic slackness can have a definitely ameliorative effect, although, as he points out, such planning is a simpler matter for the Federal Government than it is for a State such as Maryland with a limited public works programme and restricted financial resources. The erection of machinery for obtaining statistical information on unemployment and for providing a comprehensive system of labor exchanges such as proposed by Senator Wagner impress him as being useful and appropriate means of Governmental assistance in the unemployment problem. What the Government can properly do in such matters he feels it should do, and in this connection he finds it difficult to understand President Hoover's recent veto of the Wagner labor exchange bill.

He likewise believes that a lower and more reasonable tariff would materially assist in speeding the end of the depression. Retaliation abroad and inflated costs of production at home have been the inevitable result of a prohibitively high tariff policy, which has seriously damaged both foreign and domestic markets.

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In this he follows the orthodox Democratic doctrine in connection with which he cites with satisfaction the stand taken by the thousand economists and other leaders of American industry and finance who urged President Hoover not to sign the Smoot-Hawley bill. The economic interdependence of the various parts of the world he points out is of such a character that mutual trade is a necessity if general prosperity is to be obtained, and in such a scheme of things a prohibitive tariff is not only an anachronism but a positive stumbling block. If we do not buy, neither can we sell abroad; reduce the tariff and all will benefit through the revival of commerce and trade. Particularly is this true of agriculture. The farmer's grain must be sold at world prices and the tariff will not help him to get a better price, whereas when he buys the Republican tariff must inevitably tend to impoverish him.

THE hardships of American agriculture Governor Ritchie attributes in large measure to the high tariff, and the inequalities between industry and agriculture call in his opinion not only for a lowering of tariff walls but also for other means of readjustment until a more even balance is struck. If the employment of some modified form of the export debenture plan would achieve this result, Governor Ritchie would favor it nor would he be greatly concerned by the ultraconservative moans of the Republican National Committee. Stabilization as practised by the present Farm Board he believes, with the rest of the country, to have been a costly and foredoomed failure; crop reduction may or may not be practicable. He offers no quick or sure solution. Both tariff reduction and a fresh approach to the farm problem he believes would be beneficial, not only to agriculture, but to the general problem of ending the depression and the unemployment situation, but, as he is prompt to point out, they are to be regarded as assisting rather than curative measures.

IT MAY be said at once that there is nothing new in these views on the economic depression and the steps which should be taken to meet it; indeed Governor Ritchie would be the first to admit it. He would likewise admit the inadequacy of the measures he proposes of themselves to solve conclusively the present difficulties of the country. But, he feels — and many feel with him — they represent the means at the disposal of the Government, probably the principal ones beyond which Government action becomes ineffective. Incidentally, they have not been employed — instead we have a Smoot-Hawley tariff, a discredited Farm Board policy, the veto of an important unemployment measure, and an intellectually bankrupt Republican Party which can only refer vaguely to "world depression" and the "Soviet menace." There may not be much that is novel or sensational in the Ritchie programme or viewpoint, but there is a fund of practical coördinated common sense.

An important factor in the so-called world depression and one to which Governor Ritchie drew attention in his inaugural address of last January is the situation created by

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the uncertain status and dislocating effect of the complicated and involved problem of war debts and reparations. No sentimentalist or cancellationist, he does not, however, believe that general prosperity, and hence American prosperity, can be obtained with half the civilized world impoverished by war debt and reparations payments. Believing that a conciliatory view on our part toward a reasonable revision of the postwar financial settlement would lead to a better and sounder international economic balance, he considers that our best interests would be served by the adoption of such an attitude, not only for the sake of the general peace of the world, but also for our own economic well-being. He does not favor collection to the last dollar if it means demanding a European pound of flesh. A reasonable arrangement, he feels, will bring us more in indirect returns through the stimulation of international trade than a rigid insistence that the matter is a closed question. This is fairly typical of Governor Ritchie's attitude toward affairs of state, whether they deal with foreign policy or domestic questions, and it would appear to carry an assurance that foreign policy in his hands would follow a level-headed, sensible and forward-looking course worthy of the best traditions of the nation.

In emphasizing Governor Ritchie's gift of intelligent common sense as a principal ingredient in his success as Governor and in his qualifications for the Presidential office, sight must not be lost of his possession of another quality which should rank high among the political virtues, and which has largely made possible his successful exercise of the former. For want of a better word it may be loosely defined as tolerance. More specifically it implies the ability to get along with others and in political life the ability to get along with politicians, an art in itself and one which must be cultivated if political ideas, no matter how sound, are to be translated into realities.

Governor Ritchie has been quick to recognize the validity of the viewpoint of others even when he has not been able to agree with it, and to recognize sincerity of motive even in his political adversaries. Speaking of his relations with the Maryland Legislature he observes: "It is a mistake for any one to think that the average legislator taken by and large is actuated by motives any less worthy or sincere than the Executive. The average legislator really wants to do the right thing and the best thing, and for any one to think otherwise is to invite trouble. Of course he may seem to be going about it in the wrong way or he may be bound in a specific matter by the wishes of his constituents, and quite naturally he wants to get what political credit he can, but fundamentally his motives are sincere and if you deal with him on that basis you can usually work something out." The reward of this policy has been the establishment of a markedly harmonious relationship between Governor and Legislature in Maryland, which has permitted and facilitated the development of a sound and intelligently directed State Government.

Perhaps this is only another way

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of saying that Governor Ritchie has carried over into public life the manners and the point of view of a gentleman. He possesses above all else that indefinable but unmistakable quality which commands immediate recognition in any sphere, whether it be that of the Maryland Club, a country farm, a factory, or a filling station. He was born and brought up in a tradition and code of honor as definite as ever adorned the Eighteenth Century and he did not check it outside when he entered politics. His word is good and when given is not withdrawn.

A man of personal charm and distinguished appearance he is one of the most persuasive and effective speakers in public life today. This is perhaps due to the fact that he possesses the ability of knowing what he intends to say, of saying it clearly and unequivocally, and most important of meaning what he says. At a time when vague periphrases, masterly straddles, and "unofficial explanations" seem much in vogue, his lucid, unmisunderstandable, and effective speeches and State papers strike a rare and refreshing note in public life. One does not have to speculate where he stands, nor have to wonder whether he will stand by what he says. Frank Kent once said that if Ritchie ever got to the White House he would look more as if he belonged in it than any President we have had in a considerable time. One might go further and opine that he would act as though he belonged there.

One thing certain is that he would enjoy it. He derives a healthy human satisfaction and pleasure from the activities and responsibilities of public life. Neither grim fanatic nor calculating opportunist, he has a zest for political life and for his work which has not been seen in Washington since the days of Roosevelt and the first Wilson administration. His political courage and intellectual integrity have already carried him to a high place in American public life; perhaps that is what the country may find that it wants in the highest place of all.

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Reality and Labor

By Julian Gerhard Wick

The working man's view on prosperity and depression

The working man's point of view in this present period of depression has not, perhaps, been given clearly enough to indicate his position. Being inarticulate he is rather bewildered, afraid, and very mistrustful of endeavors to help him. He is in the position of a person on the edge of a crumbling cliff who is promised aid if he can hold out, but who feels that, as past efforts to aid him have proved futile, so also will future efforts. He is like a toad on a dissecting table.

The powers above speak in terms of Utopias, high standards of living, the vast wealth of America, the future of the machine, the solution of the unemployment question — in fact, the laboring man thinks, they speak of everything but the reality. To him every year is a period of depression. When it becomes intensified it is, of course, a trifle harder, but in times of seeming prosperity he has realized the difficulty of getting a new job or of keeping his old one. He understands that the machine is a capricious mistress, shunting him about as though he were so much horseflesh. The workingman is interested only in the reality.

His reality is not only the lack of bread and a place to sleep, it is his inability to exercise human faculties, to ride in an automobile if he wishes, to breed children, to impress his wife, to laugh sometimes, to speak of himself in relation to Henry Ford. His reality, even if he has a job — which is becoming increasingly more rare — is the insecurity of his position at the bottom of the ladder, his need of toadying to innumerable — in many instances — inferior superiors, the wearing monotony of specialized work or the gruelling demands of unspecialized work.

From many points of view the worker's condition during the present crisis is more than deplorable. He is a living indictment of that supposed boon to mankind, the machine. He understands that the machine is necessary but he can not understand why he is required to be so efficient when the machine itself is inefficient. On every hand he sees examples of inefficiency which can not be traced to his own wavering from standard. His faith is gone. He can not understand why he must starve when there is an overproduction of foodstuffs. He can not understand that he must sell his automobile to pro-

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vide food for himself when it is the only release he has from soul-destroying days of mechanized labor, which latter may be so easily terminated by the will of little men above him. He is left to work out his own destiny in a world which he does not understand — which responds to no rules which hold good for longer than a very brief period. He has even begun to suspect that business clubs organized for "the betterment of humanity" really are organizations of little boys who labor like mountains to produce mice.

"Ah well," says the laborer, "they have taken much from me, but in spite of what I may do to the great god industry by 'Blue Mondays' I shall get good and drunk on this sulphuric acid purveyed by the corner speakeasy."

YOUR more intelligent laborer — factory worker, industrial spinning top — does not doubt the truth of the pictures painted of contemporary life by such writers as Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, or Sherwood Anderson — he is not of the middle class. He believes that the Bolsheviks garrote people without the slightest cause, that there is a hell, that there is an after life, that a man is a success if he makes a million dollars even though he can not read or write, he attributes marvelous powers to a Steinmetz or an Edison and believes sincerely that because a man can manufacture a cheap motor car he should know the secrets of philosophy — but he does not overrate his environment! He knows just where he is. He may spend an hour or two a year thinking about virtue and the triumph of right over wrong but he does not believe in them. It is pretty hard to fool him when he can look at an object with open eyes.

The sticky philosophy of good-fellowship and service — exemplified in the Boy Scoutish attitude of middle class business men — he feels can be epitomized in one word — boloney! He is probably, in one sense, more sane than he is given credit for being.

He accepts the blandishments of idealism as he accepts the employer's dictum that the laborer is more or less of an unfeeling animal to be driven until he drops. He expresses his philosophy tersely:

"You gotta be quiet and put up with it!"

HE CONDONES sabotage in large industrial plants as he condones the criminal who preys upon organized industry. He deplores sabotage in smaller, more independent plants and on farms. He regards the police system with hatred and fear and would rather call a gangster his friend than a policeman.

It was no wish of mine that made me a foreman in an industrial plant. Economic laws had much to do with it. I was slowly starving to death in a Middle Western city as a book clerk, purveying the classical literature of reprints to old ladies who wanted a book for a Methodist uncle who did not like even a suggestion of sex, or a book for a young man who liked lots of action and plenty of sex. I usually sold the books on which we were overstocked or the one with the prettiest cover anyway, so it did not matter. Once I nearly lost my job because I flippantly recommended *Three Weeks* and *A Plea for Monog-*

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amy as good books for a clergyman. The clergyman did not think so. I finally lost my job, partly because I spoke aloud when I should have been silent. I said — it was Christmas Eve and the owner of the department store was shaking hands with his employes as we filed out of the store —

"Personally I do not believe I know the gentleman!"

"Radical!" said my department head, who had suspicions of my affiliations with the Third Internationale.

I SPENT two miserable months looking for work before I landed a job as packer in a wholesale grocery house. I tramped the streets from office to office, from industrial plant to department store, where the treatment accorded me, as well as the thousands in similar straits, was, to say the least, debasing and humiliating, more reminiscent of the procedure of police courts or the Inquisition than of dealings between human beings. Innumerable girl employment secretaries, as efficient and as seemingly soulless as machines, impersonally weeded out the gold from the dross, choosing — this is rather an arbitrary statement, wholly a product of my personal observations — the most complacent and moronic in preference to the intelligent.

At last, after three or four interviews with the grocery house manager, I received the illuminating information that they were letting out a man for being a bad influence on the workers because of his radicalism. I was to take his job provided I could meet the exacting demands of personal honesty, integrity, whole-souled coöperation, loyalty to the firm and sobriety — to name only a few. The manager even felt of my muscles to see if I was physically fit. Finally I was given the job, the manager acting as though he had given me the key to the riddle of existence.

I worked a year as a packer, and, after mechanizing the packing plant and incidentally saving the company something like three thousand a year, I was promoted to the rank of foreman at an increase of fifteen dollars a month. I displaced a big fellow, something of an atavism, who liked his beer and a fight now and then. He was the soul of kindness, by far the best worker in the plant, but the manager had a neurotic fear that the company was being systematically robbed. It would have been impossible for any one to take more than a hundred dollars' worth of merchandise a year out of the plant, but he seemed to have a mania on the subject. He suspected himself of dishonesty, I am quite sure.

THERE were seven men in the warehouse over whom I had direct supervision. The other gangs, comprising about one hundred men all told, were scattered about in loading and unloading crews on the different floors. The hours of work were from seven in the morning until five-thirty at night and the wages averaged one hundred dollars a month. I held this job for one year.

As I had no intention of staying there for any length of time if I could help it, I employed my time — what little time I could find — in a study of the conditions under which the men worked, their reactions to life, their wishes and desires, the

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extent of their dominance by the machine, what they talked about and why, and their hopes for the future. My experience was broad enough to see that these men were not particular types, nor unusual in any way — they merely represented a large portion of our population. Their prototypes can be found in any town or city. They exist wherever the pressure of the machine exists — in other words, widely disseminated throughout these United States.

FIRST, I believe, I would say that fear had a great influence on their ways of living. They feared anybody and anything. They feared me, because I represented an unknown quantity. I was linked with power, with swift and terrible justice. If I so willed I could tell any one of them to go to the office and get his check. I could destroy their homes, I could invoke the spectre of starvation and cold by the mere waving of my hand. The manager inspired worse fear than I. Whenever he made a tour of the warehouse, men scurried to their work as though they had been loafing, which they simply were not able to do, even had they so wished. There was an unwritten law, often emphasized by the manager, that all the work must be done before quitting time, even though there was a possibility of the next day being slack. Before I became foreman the men averaged from eight to ten hours of extra work a week. I abolished that by driving them during the day. I thought swift agony was better than lingering and useless pain.

My reason for leaving had to do with conflicting opinions on the value of shorter hours. One day I complained to the manager that a truck driver was not strong enough for his job. I told him that if he was to have any sort of equalization he had to give me a man who could handle the output of the floor men. I told him I could use the truck driver in the warehouse and use one of the floor men on the truck.

"No," said the manager, "the truck man is honest!"

It was a typical day, no worse than average. The men of my crew had begun at seven at top speed, working like madmen through the day. We had already put up sixty tons of outgoing freight, handling each piece three times; we had unloaded a carload of six hundred bales of sugar, and were now engaged in unloading a carload of canned fruit — twelve hundred cases — trucking it to different parts of the building, stacking and restacking it, making room by repiling a half carload of canned vegetables. The men had discarded their shirts and were working only in their dungarees and shoes. One man had fainted three times during the day, another had had vomiting spells, and the rest were working with the desperation of exhaustion. I was only taking time off to talk to the manager.

I ASKED for more men and told him of my plan to cut out the long hours. I told him that I thought the men were much better off to work harder during the day than to continue on in the tiring practice of working endless hours without extra pay, that it was criminal to ask a man to kill himself merely to keep alive. He looked at me quizzically.

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"So you think you are better off to work shorter hours?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered, "the men admit it."

"It doesn't hurt them to work overtime," he said, "they used to work fifteen hours a day in the 'old days.'"

"I think it does hurt them," I said. "In fact I know it does. Every hour they have for themselves means a lot to them." I told him that men in the "old days" did not do so much work as they now do.

"It doesn't hurt them," he said, "work never killed anybody."

I lost my temper.

"What in hell do you think these men are?" I asked. "Are they horses, cattle, or human beings?"

He retreated to the office and I began thinking of my next job.

He took a certain sadistic delight in telling the men that he would have to cut down the number of workers. He probably thought it would make the men more careful in their behavior. He had no need of instilling greater fear into them, however. If he had told them that he was going to guarantee them work as long as they lived, or that they could take it easy for one hour, they would not have believed him. They knew him far better than he knew them. His type was quite familiar.

THE men looked upon me as a human being, having found that I meant to play square with them, and so they talked. The following observations are the result of daily intercourse with all of the men of the plant, and, in the evenings, with their families:

Education, to the worker, represents an almost impossible goal which would mean salvation for him if he could reach it. It is not, however, an end in itself; he thinks that education can be translated into money. As can be seen, this idea he holds in common with the middle classes. It means independence, the chance to ride in a "swell" automobile and drink "real" Scotch. If he had an education he could swagger like the salesmen, although he would not work with such "pep" to make so many gold stars a month. He thinks that is childish. He can not understand why men must go to pep meetings just to do ordinary work. Oh no, the worker is not quite as dumb as he looks.

HE TALKS about revolution. He speaks of communism but thinks that as it is an idea of "Rooshians" it could never be made to work in America — where men are free. He speaks with pride of the prosperity of America, its vast wealth, its enormous resources, and votes for Hoover. He thinks, in common with the middle class, that the Pope is only waiting to lead an army for the destruction of freedom in America. All this he thinks — but he does not believe it! He is simply talking, for the most part, so that he may come into sympathetic contact with other human beings. He likes to feel their warmth, to know that they are as human as he is himself. He likes to talk about women, about prize-fighting. When he talks of the relative merits of "Kid Bloop" or "K.O. Bootle" he thinks in terms of days of vanished glory, when men were men. Even if he is only in the twenties he

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looks back into the past. All his life he will look back into the past. The present is too real.

His sense of limitation is acute. He knows where he belongs and that he will, in all likelihood, stay there. Now and then he answers an advertisement of a company which promises him that he can obtain a complete education by reading fifteen minutes a day, or that he will become the star salesman if he studies the new "Practical Psychology." It is not laziness which keeps him from going through with the course, it is his knowledge of his limitations. He knows that it is impossible for him to combine the right amount of honesty and dishonesty, cleverness and stupidity, to make a success in business. The pattern of days in which he is molded, which has far more significance than psychologists agree, has endowed the average worker with a finely developed inferiority complex. There are, of course, vast numbers who are not troubled with this environmental disease, but these are generally the most ignorant and — shall we say, balanced?

In short, the worker is what he is, no more. "Opportunity," as glorified by the American business man, has passed him by. He has been reduced successively from the rank of a freeman to that of a slave, but he actually cringes when one tries to push him further down. He impregnates his children with his inferiority complex, teaching them to fear everything that lies outside the boundaries of the life that he has found gives him the greatest security. Sometimes he gets desperate, at that; sometimes there are wild lights in his eyes; sometimes he would run amok — but the invisible hand of power hovers like a dark shadow above him. But let a war begin and see how he flies from his pseudo-security, see how he gladly dies to achieve one moment of security, one moment in which he can call his soul his own.

The workers at the plant were hardened. If I spoke of injustice they looked at me with puzzled eyes. This is not injustice, they seemed to say, this is life! This is Alpha and Omega. Man was born in sin. . . .

They spoke of the terrible times in generations past.

"They had slaves in those days," one of the men said.

"I'd 'a' killed off some of them Counts and Princes!" said another.

A Greek came into the warehouse from the office. He owned a confectionery store a block from the plant and bought his candy and cigarettes from our company. He liked to feel in the swim with "big business," so he often made tours of inspection of the plant.

"W'y you no vote for Smeet?" he asked the checker, a heavy set moron who breathed like a butcher.

"Aw, I ain't votin' for no Pope!" said the checker. "I told you dat last night!"

The Greek became angry. He was a big fellow.

"Jeez Crize!" he exclaimed. "You got beeg fat face joost like Hoover!"

He hit the checker. I parted the two before the checker could hit back. The next morning the checker received his check.

"Naw," said an old man the next day, "they sure musta been tough

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in the old days. A man was no better than a slave!"

The worker has a viewpoint. He often talks about Evolution, about God. Rarely do you find that he is much of a churchgoer, but many are agreed that if there is no after life, life has played them a ghastly joke. Often you hear truck-drivers or taximen arguing about the merits of sterilization, or the segregation of the unfit of our population. It is only the most ignorant who do not understand the principles of birth control.

The workers do not like charity drives and Community Chests. If they were honest with themselves, they would refuse to contribute. Managers and general managers have ways and means of persuasion, however. The worker would gladly give his money to a needy fellow worker but he resents the outward semblance of charity. He feels that he is, in reality, as human as the sweet lady or moralistic man who condemns his morals and grudgingly gives him an inadequate meal or a lousy bed, or acts as though she had made her peace with God in even talking to him.

THE foreign worker has some recreation. He can buy wine or he can dance and sing, and he knows what to expect of life, but the American worker has to depend upon rotten liquor and tenth-rate motion pictures for his relaxation. His circle of experience is very narrow in comparison with other strata of our social life. That is why he submits so meekly to the bread line, why he has so few powers of rehabilitation. He has no point towards which to work in the first place — why worry about the degree of his pain? At one time, he thinks in bewilderment, he actually had the freedom to assert likes and dislikes! But that was, of course, before he was "grown-up."

THIS is no plea for children. The above statements are not made with the intention of positing a solution in the form of a Rousseauistic rebirth of the natural man. It is a résumé of conditions as they are — independent of prosperity or non-prosperity. It is an indication of the low state of a class of Americans who at least have the vitality to keep the machine running, but who have gone past the point where they could be wheedled by business men into the belief that the machine means the eventual salvation of the human race. The very "prosperity" that enabled them to raise their standard of living has shown them the possibility of expansion and has shown them how men unite in oppressing them. In reality, however, the workers no longer care about Utopia! They no longer believe very widely in the theory of workers' education as a class. Of course they have no idea of culture! Culture needs leisure for its expression, it must be a thing somewhat removed from the struggle for bread, and the worker sleeps most of the time when he is not working. If he does not sleep he races around in a car to increase the number of his objective impressions. The subjective, to the laborer, is a trifle too painful for study. He simply tries to forget himself as much as possible. His world is a world of values.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

A GOOD many hundreds of miles of landscape, seascape and airscape have flowed past the eyes of the Landscaper since he last sat down to turn out his monthly installment of literary observations, listening for the final whistle of the *S. S. Von Steuben* as he risked a hot-box on his faithful typewriter. First of all, almost four thousand miles of calm, summery sea, with only one day when the dining salon was not filled to capacity . . . and then the journey by train from Bremen to Southern Germany, and another journey by air from Frankfort-am-Main to London; a London at its best, warm and sunny, and as deeply peaceful as ever, the only large city the Landscaper has ever been in where it is possible to have as fine a rest cure as in the heart of the country — finer, one might say, especially one who had been kept awake for three consecutive mornings from 3 A.M. on in a little German town by the singing of hundreds of birds.

A part of the restfulness of London lies in its relative changelessness. Of course, it does change, and even old and treasured landmarks go down before the march of progress. But when this observer, taking his first walk down Piccadilly from his haven in Half Moon Street, saw a panhandler, who for five years at least has made a good living by appealing to fellow-Americans and with a beat as definitely marked as any policeman's, there came over him a feeling of great peace. No doubt the panhandler's business has suffered during the past year or two, because the tourists have been fewer and poorer, but he looked well enough fed and reasonably happy. He once worked the Haymarket, especially in the vicinity of the American Express Company's office, but of late has clung to Piccadilly. His judgment of nationality is accurate enough in most cases, but his memory for faces is not perfect, as he has braced the Landscaper several years in succession, without any luck, as after the first time, he never varies his story.

An Unbookish Voyage

THERE was little enough material for literary observation on the *Von Steuben*. One might have expected that a leisurely voyage of almost ten days would have led people to read rather than merely to carry books about with them, as in most

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ships, but while literature found its followers, most of the passengers favored music and dancing, and eating. There were a few copies of Remarque's *The Road Back;* otherwise the assortment was too miscellaneous to mention, and the liner's bookstall had to depend upon the sale of stamps for letters to be mailed at Southampton to cover its overhead. The Landscaper, with a genius for arriving in strange lands on holidays, reached Bremen on the Saturday before Whitsuntide, and so there were no opportunities to discuss with booksellers the state of their trade, but window-shopping disclosed the presence of a number of copies of the works of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, including *Unser Herr Wrenn*, looking a little odd with its German title, and, lying peacefully enough by *Babbitt*, was Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*, whose title in German eludes the tricky memory of the Landscaper, was also present.

A Neglected Masterpiece

THAT sadly neglected masterpiece of Franz Werfel's — neglected, that is, in England and America — *Verdi, the Romance of the Opera*, has sold some 250,000 copies in its German edition and is still widely displayed, although it was published some years ago. It is not unlikely that Simon and Schuster, its publishers, still have a few copies available, in case any one should be willing to take the Landscaper's word for its qualities. . . . Other older books still find their way into windows in Germany, *Jean Christophe*, for example, and Gerhart Hauptmann's *The Island of the Great Mother*, and Ernst Gleeser's excellent war novel, *Class of 1902*, an interesting contrast to American methods, where most books more than a month old are not even stocked, and have no chance at all to return to windows until they become antiques.

A Tourists' Paradise

HAVING heard innumerable reports during the last two or three years of Germany's kindness to tourists, and having experienced more than once the reverse of this attitude, especially among our friends the French in Paris, the Landscaper gave some of his time to looking into the matter, and is able to report that Germany is at present by far the most comfortable country in Europe for Americans, not the cheapest, but the cleanest and the friendliest, with almost no language difficulties, and eager to do everything possible for the happiness of its visitors. This is good business, to be sure, but one senses more than a mere desire to get the tourists' money. And how pleasant it is to be thanked for reasonable tips, to have one's struggles with a strange tongue received with sympathy and humor, and to know that every bill of any kind will be correct! It is amusing to find a people who seem to think they should speak English and who are embarrased when they do not; contrast this with the attitude of the French, for example. All this is set down in simple honesty — the Landscaper took no prejudices into Germany, or very few. He, as the faithful readers of this department know, saves his prejudices for Spain. . . . And Germany lacks the drama of the Iberian peninsula, to be sure, a drama which

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is not for every one. But it offers in return much quiet beauty and, if one may mention such matters, there is very little wrong with the wines of the country, and nothing at all wrong with its beer.

The "Set" English

EVEN to a person who has a great affection for the English, and who loves London even at its coldest and greyest, there comes the necessity to say that the Germans are far more agreeable to Americans than our closer kin. No more polite, certainly, for courtesy is to be found everywhere in England, but more willing to accommodate themselves to our requirements. Travelers will appreciate this illustration: The Landscaper and his traveling companion went in to dinner at a Bremen hotel rather late. The companion, tired from the train trip and the heat, wanted nothing except porridge and cream. The headwaiter was summoned and the situation explained; he clicked his heels and without a trace of surprise, took the order, and returned not long after with exactly what had been requested. English hotels, outside the international caravanseries of London, would have been upset by such an order; people are not supposed to eat porridge at nine in the evening and what people are not supposed to do they should not want to do — not in this tight little island, anyway.

Bremen a Model City

ONE hears too little of the charms of the old Hansa town of Bremen, a free state for long, long generations. Aside from the interest of its architecture, especially in such delightful examples as the Essighaus, the Seventeenth Century Baroque residence of a rich burgher who carried on the business of living under the same elegantly ornamented roof as sheltered his office and warehouse, the parks — not only the charming Meierei, which looks as if it had been done from designs by Corot in his later and more romantic period, but the open spaces within the city itself are beautiful and restful. Indeed, those American mayors who have been touring France might do worse than to take a run up to Bremen and see how a city should look where people really enjoy living; where there are both beauty and comfort for all classes. And the streets are so clean that the conscientious visitor is hard put to it to know what to do with a cigarette stub. In New York he would not even have to wonder what to do with the refuse from a large tobacco factory, and if at all worried, he could dump it in the East or North Rivers.

To London by Air

THE Deutsche Luft Hansa, the subsidized commercial aviation company of Germany, is one of the best organized in the world, and maintains well regulated services all over the country. The Landscaper, in a sharp hurry to get on to London for business reasons, decided to take to the air. A few moments' consultation with the travel agency in a small spa arranged everything; a seat was reserved from Frankfort to London. Exactly at one o'clock — everything moves by seconds in Germany — the trimotored Fokker, the motors being Wright Whirlwinds, jolted across the

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Frankfort flying field, and soon soared aloft with its nose pointed toward Cologne. In a little more than an hour, we were flying over Cologne, the twin spires of the great cathedral a thousand feet below. We changed planes in a few minutes, and the Landscaper was the solitary passenger from Cologne to Duesseldorf, where another change was made for Antwerp. There we changed again for the last leg over the Channel, and at a little after seven o'clock, the journey was ended at Croydon, all so utterly simple and commonplace, except for a few moments of exquisite beauty when we were sailing along over Southern England, warmed and lit by the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun, that it seems hardly worth writing about. It probably is not worth writing about for those travelers who have already tried the air service in Europe, but for those who have not, it may be mildly interesting. It is not at all expensive, the whole journey from Frankfort to London costing only thirty-eight dollars. And what a contrast in flying the Channel to crossing it in those miserable little steamers, the only place this oberver has ever been seasick!

A War Next Year?

One of the first books that fell under the Landscaper's eyes after he had settled down in London was about the next European war, which was so much to the fore during his visit to these shores last autumn. General Ludendorff is the newest prophet; his *The Coming War*, published here by Faber and Faber, is a queer volume, and not very convincing to this observer. The General's mind is filled with thoughts of a strange conspiracy, in which the Jesuits, the Freemasons, and the Jews, combine to bring utter ruin to unarmed Germany, and eventually to Europe. He predicts the outbreak of this struggle in May, 1932; it seems that the number fifteen has a peculiar charm for the Freemasons, and 1932 adds up to fifteen. France and Italy are the principal combatants, with England on the side of Germany, and most of the rest of Europe allied with the French. Most of the fighting takes place on German territory and is marked by all the atrocities with which the Germans were accused during 1914–1918. Of course, General Ludendorff denies that any of these charges were true, and certainly most of them have been proved to be pure propaganda. Since this is the case, it is a little hard to see why he should repeat them against other nations, unless he is trying to beat them to the punch. A psychologist would, it seems to the Landscaper, quickly decide that Ludendorff's nightmare came from his emotion over the present defenseless state of his country; surely no stranger conspiracy has ever been imagined than his. Politics never made bedfellows quite so odd as these before. The book is likely to find its way to America sooner or later. It will prove a very curious document.

Novels of the Moment

What other books is England reading and discussing? Among novels, V. Sackville-West's *All Passion Spent*, which the critics unite in thinking the best she has yet done; D. L. Murray's *Star Dust*, a story of the circus, which, if it proves

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a better circus story than Lady Eleanor Smith's *Red Wagon*, deserves to become a classic; Elizabeth Bowen's *Friends and Relations*, a sharply satirical comedy of which Sylvia Lynd has written, "Miss Bowen has stopped just short of writing a masterpiece"; *One Night in Santa Anna* by Thomas Washington-Metcalfe, a well-written and exciting adventure story; *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings* by Pantaleimon Romanoff, already published in America by Scribner's, and a fine novel of Russian contemporary life; *The Solange Stories* by F. Tennyson Jesse, certain to be worth reading when it reaches the United States; *The Grasshoppers Come* by David Garnett, a slightly different novel from the more fantastic pieces of this author, which is winning high praise; and the current choice of the Book Society, *Hatter's Castle*, by A. J. Cronin, a new writer, who has done a long, long novel, which J. C. Squire admits has plenty of faults, but which he found fascinating.

The Cronin novel, which will inevitably find its way to our side, is the story of a tradesman and his family in a small Scottish town, and Mr. Squire goes on to say of it in *The Observer:* "Had I been told before that I should thus be fascinated by a melodramatic, sombre, in places dreadful, book, and its characters, as Mr. Synge would say, speaking the dialect — I should have refused to believe it. Nevertheless, it was so: from the start the Young Mariner held me with his glittering eye, and once I had been arrested, I had to hear the story out." This is high praise from such a source; we shall see what we shall see when the book comes under the scrutiny of the critics on the other side of the Atlantic. It certainly is made to sound interesting, and doubly so because it seems to be another important step in the return to the three decker of Victorian days, although we manage such things better now, and put a thousand pages of thin paper between two covers without any trouble.

Some Other Fiction

THIS is not quite all the novels that are attracting attention in England, but it covers the high spots in the more recent lists. Gustav Frennsen's *The Pastor of Poggsee*, a tale out of Holstein, told during the time of the War, has been widely praised; Violet Quirk's fantasy, *The Skirts of the Forest*, is already sure of a success of esteem, and Helen Simpson's oddly miscellaneous *'Vantage Striker* is said to contain much that is delightful. The Landscaper has the impression that Naomi Mitchison's *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*, a story of the Scythian town of Marob and of its king-gods and their female partners, has already been published in America; if not, he passes along the information that the book has had unanimous praise in the English press, and that knowing the work of Miss Mitchison, his guess would be that the book should be read at all odds, at least by those who like archæology and anthropology made to come to life. Nowhere among the current offerings has the Landscaper found a book that had so strong a lure for him as Miss Mitchison's. Harcourt, Brace are her American publishers.

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A Biography of Stresemann

OF NON-FICTION, Antonia Vallentin's *Stresemann*, with an introduction by Einstein, appears to be the outstanding biography at the moment. Harold Nicholson considers it very nearly a masterpiece, and it has many other cheer-leaders. The author knew the German statesman intimately for a long term of years, and is said to have presented his oddly contradictory character in a most interesting manner. The *Manchester Guardian* says of the volume: "The intercourse between Brian and Stresemann is a curious idyll . . . That idyll Frau Vallentin tells extremely well. She understands its European significance; she links it skilfully with European politics; the most appealing part of her work is the moving story of how a dying man strove to keep the spirit of the idyll intact . . . told with an enthusiasm that makes it extraordinarily attractive . . . An excellent account of a man who was one of the extremely few great men of our age." The *Times* has high praise for the life story of a worthy of whom few people have ever heard, *Jean Cavalier: Baker's Boy and British General*, by Arthur Page Grubb. Cavalier, it appears, was a leader of the Camisards in the Cevennes, a Protestant sect which carried on guerilla warfare with the powers of the Church of Rome for years under the daring leadership of our hero. Cavalier appears in *Travels with a Donkey*, and Mr. Grubb admits that Stevenson's reference to him there set him on the trail; at the end of his stormy career he was British Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey.

Hunting Sunken Treasure

A BOOK of sea adventure has also caught the public fancy, and will surely find its way to America. This is *Seventy Fathoms Deep with the Divers of the Salvage Ship "Artiglio,"* by David Scott. Mr. Scott is a journalist who followed the fortunes of the *Artiglio* and her daring crew through two remarkable hunts for treasure at the bottom of the ocean, the second of which was entirely successful. The boat was sunk with all but seven of her men as they were engaged in blowing up a wreck, and while a new *Artiglio* is already at work, the old one left a brave bit of history behind her. Mr. Scott explains clearly and simply the present diving apparatus which allows men to go to depths of 400 feet or lower in comfort and safety; he also introduces us to three of these divers, and to Commendatore Quaglia, an heroic quartet. There is a world of drama in this volume, and the writing is excellent. The reader is strangely moved by the tragedy of the *Artiglio* because of the skill with which Mr. Scott has given appeal to the men about whom he writes, and whom he admired and understood.

Business Somewhat Better

BETWEEN times of reading books and book reviews, the Landscaper has talked with a good many publishers and literary agents about the state of the book business in England, and the general impression seems to be that it is better now than it was late last year, although the improvement is slight enough at best. Lists have not been much reduced, and as many books as ever seem to

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be advertised; also one hears of no slackening in authors' output. Actually, the book business is permanently bad from the point of view of every one who has not just written or published a best-seller, and yet one hears of relatively few deaths by starvation among publishers or authors — perhaps more of the latter than among publishers — and it would be a brash person to try to persuade either to quit and go into some other business.

By the time this article reaches print, the Landscaper expects to have toured the London docks under the guidance of Alan J. Villiers, the author of *By Way of Cape Horn*, *Vanished Fleets*, *etc.*, whose first book for boys will be published this autumn in England and America under the title of *Sea Dogs of Today*. The *Archibald Marshall*, one of the old-time windjammers is in port, so perhaps the next Landscape will be written while rounding the Horn . . . Mr. Villiers expects to return to America this autumn to continue the lecture tour he began with such conspicuous success this spring.

To end these rambling comments, it may be well to mention two new collections of ghost stories, both of which have been published in America, according to the Landscaper's memory; and both of which all lovers of the eerie and weird ought to know about. These are *Collected Ghost Stories* by M. R. James, Mr. James being the Provost at Eton, and *They Walk Again*, an anthology of ghost stories compiled by Colin de la Mare, the son of Walter de la Mare. One of Walter de la Mare's own excellent tales of this sort, *All Hallows*, is included.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

When the slim little Isthmus of Panama was our sole connection with South America, we did not really know very much about each other, but when that bond was cut a host of new ties began to develop with rapidity — ties which are every year becoming more plentiful and more securely established in the thoughts of the peoples of both continents. Airways have been charted, operated, and are proving of invaluable service to an increasing public. But the most popular modes for general travel to South America at present are the four steamship lines which contact all parts of the country — the Grace Line, South American Steamship Company, the Munson Line, and the Furness Prince Line. Up and down the long coastlines of that vast triangular continent they go carrying their passengers in a luxury that was scarcely dreamed when the clipper ships nosed their way over the same courses and raced each other round the Horn. Tours to South America are distinctly satisfactory in that they may be arranged to cover the interesting places on the West coast (which means as well a glimpse of these great colonies of Guano birds) travel across the continent, from Santiago, through the Pampas lands to Buenos Aires, and still include those delightful cities on the sunrise side of the land — Montevideo, Santos, Sao Paulo, and Rio.

"I Should Choose Peru"

"Were I to be exiled, and confined for the rest of my life to one country," writes an author who is familiar with many parts of the world, "I should choose Peru. Here is every altitude, every climate, every scene . . . and the past lies miraculously preserved like the mummy of a saint in a crypt." Here in a country as large as France, you may experience the greatest contrasts — lose yourself in the everlasting green of a tangled jungle or sturdily scale some of the world's highest mountains, live luxuriously in the modern present or in a dream world of your own imaginings peopled with stately Incas treading streets of gold.

Lima may remind you of bits of Moorish Spain with its latticed balconies and tiled patios, yet it was founded by Pizarro in the Sixteenth Century, this "City of the Kings." Today it is the modern pleasure resort of the country, very lightsome and gay for all the tragedy of its historic past. Life seems to circle largely around the Plaza de Armas, untempered by the shadow of the great Cathedral on one side of the square which was begun by Pizarro sometime in the midst of the Sixteenth Century, yet proudly vaunts his mummified remains in a glass case today. To the discerning eye of the antiquarian, the high altar of solid silver and the exquisite carving on the decorative old choir stalls in this cathedral are a source of peculiar satisfaction. The ancient Vice-Regal Palace, now the Government House, with its stately halls is rich in history as is the perfectly preserved house of the Torre Tagle family, a mansion which retains all the features of that Hispano-Moorish architecture that was the glory of old Lima.

Less enchanting, perhaps, but none the less compelling is the Hall of the Inquisition, now used for meetings of the Peruvian Senate. Here sat the Council decreeing torture and death sentences for its victims, sentences which were conveniently carried out in the torture chamber just to the rear, or sometimes in the tranquil little Plaza of the Inquisition, now brooded over by the silent statue of Simon Bolivar.

Cuzco and Its Inca Palaces

Cuzco, once the glorious capital of Manco Capac, perched high in its mountain fastness, is to many people the most interesting place in the New World. In its many miles of ancient Inca walls, its

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Temple of the Sun, its splendid churches, its megalithic fortress of Sacsahuaman, this centre of the great aboriginal empire of the Incas stands far and above all other attractions in the minds of those who love to delve into the ways of by-gone peoples. And for those who would seek deeper into the past, a short journey from Cuzco will bring them to that wonderful stone city of Machepicchu — a relic of a pre-Inca period of which the Incas themselves knew nothing.

As many as fourteen palaces of Inca rulers still line the streets of Cuzco, and the walls of finely cut blocks of granite laid in courses without cement are considered the finest mason's work in the world. These walls incline a little away from the streets and are broken occasionally by gateways spanned by a single great beam of stone, for these builders were unaware of the arch. Laws of Peru now protect the Incan ruins, and in a museum you may reconstruct with your own imaginings much of the life of the Incas from the battle-axes, hammers, combs, needles, utensils, pottery and ornaments which have been so carefully preserved.

Lake Titicaca on the Roof of the World

A POPULAR side trip from Cuzco takes you to Puno on Lake Titicaca, where from the deck of a little steamer you may sail over the cold blue waters of this lake which glitters on the very roof of South America — the highest navigable body of water in all the world, 12,500 feet above sea level.

Another idyllic day may be arranged from Cuzco by planning to go out to the ancient Inca country seat Chinchero, a town of almost pure Indian population. Here a great Inca palace side wall still stands, occupying one side of the Plaza. Terraced fields sustained by walls cut of granite line the slope from the palace and must once have been the Royal Gardens. Into the face of the rock are cut at intervals stairways, passages and seats where Inca princes once sat at ease and feasted their eyes on the magnificent amphitheatre outlined by the purple pink of snow-capped mountains. On the other side their eyes fell down a darkling canyon where the restless Urubamba river tosses fretfully.

We Cross the Andes and the Pampas

INSTEAD of pounding round the Horn in a clipper ship to reach the East coast, the popular route today is by rail across that gigantic backbone of the continent, the Andes, dropping gradually down on the other side to the Pampas. And no approach to Buenos Aires could be more satisfying than gliding across this fertile expanse of country as flat as the prairies of Illinois, where great herds of blooded cattle graze knee-deep in rank prairie grass — the Pampas of the Gaucho. Much of this country has been fenced, particularly by far-seeing Basques, but large tracts have still to know the feel of the plow. Pigeons, gulls, wild geese and barred falcons fly through the blue, but for miles at a time nothing is to be seen save wild tufted grass blowing in waves as the fitful breeze sweeps over it. This is an ideal approach to Buenos Aires, giving it just that touch of the spectacular that one might not suspect surrounds it if approached from the river de la Platte, where at night it gleams like a necklace of stars. So well and affectionately known is B. A. the world over, that its spacious parks and buildings designed in the best French manner are not surprising but just what we have been led to expect. It is surprising though, to realize that, next to Paris, it is the largest Latin city in the world. Its gaiety and chic are apparent along The Florida, the local Rue de la Paix, the street of fashionable shops, of the famous Jockey Club with its beautifully furnished library and art exhibitions — a street of the exquisite things of life.

Cartagena of the Conquistadors

CARTAGENA is still the same old walled capital of the Spanish Main along whose crooked streets have swaggered most of the Spanish conquerors — Nino, boon companion of Columbus, Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, Balboa who discovered the Pacific, and De Soto of the unconquerable spirit, — in spite of a mantle of modernity. A city of echoes, yet down the centuries the streets still ring with tales of the greatness of old Spain, their exacting mistress. A little of the past is left to remind us of those days when proud Spanish galleons tugged at anchor in

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the sheltered harbor, eager to set sail on their perilous voyages laden down with gold. Faintly etched along the crest of the Popa (that lofty crag that for generations has stood guard above the city) we may still trace the ruins of massive fortifications. At the entrance to the harbor from the Boca Chica, more ruins tell of strongholds that fell when the nine-pounders of Lord Vernon's English fleet levelled their walls, leaving the stealthy growth of the jungle to hide their ravages. Las Bovedas, the dungeons of the old city, cower as of old beneath their eighty-foot walls and gape black and hungry from behind their graceful row of Roman arches — stark reminders of those days when the Inquisition held its uncompromising sway and kept them well filled.

Hundreds of small sailing craft nose up to the waterfront which, like a silver crescent circles the clear green water of the harbor, and often as not the trim lines of a graceful yacht lend a certain sophistication to the ancient port. Here where today the lazy market stretches its profusion along the beach, came that bold Corsair Sir Francis Drake, and like a hawk to its prize, fell upon the little city and put to sea with a cool million in ransom. Today, under its cream-colored Spanish towers and tiled roofs, Cartagena dreams gently, like some quaint wall-paper city, of its romantic past.

Making Friends with Australia

In speaking of the growing friendship between Australia and the United States, James H. Scullin, Prime Minister of Australia, recently said, "The drawing together of the English-speaking peoples in the interest of world harmony and development makes it ever more necessary that we should know each other better. Travel is not only the greatest educator, but the most potent of friendship makers as well . . ." And American travellers, as if eagerly seeking this opportunity to make friends with Australia, are more and more frequently planning their itineraries so that they may join a cruise which includes a visit to Australia, or make a definite point of going to this great island, which is as large as our own United States, and "doing" it thoroughly on its own account.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

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Across Romantic Seas to Australia

The course from the United States to Australia, like the dancing path of moonlight on a tropic sea, is one of radiance and romance. Days of quiet delight on the calm Pacific, broken occasionally by dropping anchor in the depths of quiet harbors. Hawaii, lying green and violet and blue in the mists of early morning, may be your first stop, then on down to Samoa where Robert Louis Stevenson found life so sweet, to Fiji, Tahiti, Rarotonga, through the languorous South Seas to New Zealand and on to Australia. Three steamship lines — the Matson, the Canadian-Australasian Royal Mail and the Union Royal Mail — each known for its splendid service, run from our Western ports, and keep this friendship between the two countries very much alive.

Ever since the days that you propped your geography up on your desk at school and pondered the pictures of those fascinating animals and birds that always accompanied a first class map of Australia, from the alert old mother kangaroo with her young tucked

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so tidily in her pouch to that most amiable of bears, the koala, with its funny little snub nose and engaging ways, and the proud lyre bird with its harp-like tail — you have wanted to go to Australia.

Where You Star in the Story

It is a land that adapts itself wonderfully to tours of all kinds, particularly those that include all kinds of sport that a great out-of-doors country has to offer from sun-drenched beaches, miles upon miles of them, to winter sports in the mountains; tours to jungle wilds in the tropical north, to the Great Barrier Coral Reef, and through lands where the native "blacks" still throw their boomerangs with uncanny exactness. No weary days spent here dragging yourself through musty cathedrals and the gloom of dungeoned castles, no endless miles of galleries, no Baedecker to rivet your attention while the story itself unfolds before your very eyes, unheeded. No, in Australia it is you who live the story, not some other fellow in days long gone, and truly, from the very oddness of the experience, travellers can not but find a thrill. For after all, it is much more fun to live romance than to hear about it, much more satisfying to make history than to read about it. That is what Australia has to offer you that few other lands have. It is all so fresh, so vivid, so new to the white race, for though it is the world's oldest continent and many of its aborigines no farther advanced than men of the stone age, it is the youngest as a settlement for the white man. Scientific expeditions revel in its strange birds, fossil records and the curious plant and animal life which abound there. An expedition from Harvard will sail for Australia this summer to collect mammals, birds, reptiles and other species which are rapidly disappearing.

Friendly Animals In and Out of the Bush

In the bushlands of Gippsland, Victoria, kangaroos, native bears and possums used to be not only plentiful, but very tame, for they would hop or climb into the huts of the early settlers as fearlessly as domestic animals. Then they had never been hunted. They were not even afraid of each other, and it may seem a peculiar fact, but the native animals of Australia are quite harmless unless attacked. Now, however, that they have learned to know the sound of the hunter's gun, they are keen and quick to evade him. When horsemen and dogs pursue a mob of kangaroos, they have been known to hop as far as thirty feet at a bound, and not even hesitate before a nine foot fence in their stride. Their long powerful tails, which many people believe they use as a spring to aid them in running, really only serve to help keep their balance, or for a sort of third leg when they tire and want to rest.

Every one who has made the acquaintance of the Koala, or native bear, begins at once to bestow on him the same variety of affection children lavish on their "Teddies." And he looks just as appealing and innocent as a teddy-bear with his snub nose, button eyes and pudgy figure. When he is hurt big tears roll down his droll little face and when he cries in his human way, he is quite irresistible. He is very easy to feed, for he lives on the juicy tender leaves of the eucalyptus trees which grow so abundantly in Australia. People have become so fond of these little native bears that they are now protected by law and bred in a private park near Sydney where visitors always go to see them.

If ever hunters found a happy hunting ground, they have discovered it in the Northern Territory of Australia. Here only a handful of white men live working on the great cattle runs. In this practically unoccupied territory, now made accessible to travellers by means of organized parties, there are thousands of deer, wild pig, and cattle and horses that acknowledge no owners, not to mention great herds of buffalo with horns measuring from five to fifteen feet from point to point. There is no dearth of these powerful beasts in this part of the world, as, in one area alone, there are some 50,000. Though natives in this section are skilled hunters and have been hunting here from time immemorial, achievements in this direction seem to have made no impression whatever on the herds of wild animals, on the flocks of geese and ducks, or even on the giant crocodiles that haunt the swamps and rivers, so greatly do they all thrive.

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Enchanting Gardens on the Great Barrier Coral Reef

ANOTHER kind of sport, accessible to Sydney, Brisbane and other large cities, is afforded by the Great Barrier Coral Reef which lies just off the coast of Queensland and is dotted with lovely green islands. These islands of coral, decked with thousands of trees and giddy palms, are not unlike charming bowers where you may rest securely while you wait for the tide to carry away the green-blue waters which lap their edges and reveal that marvellous stretch of coral reef from half a mile to five miles wide along which you may then stroll with perfect assurance. These coral gardens pulsating with color which are thus revealed are an enthralling study. Shining pools appear in which the mermaids seem to have stowed their choicest jewels. Great bouquets of coral — violet, green, pink and red — seem to have been carelessly dropped into their depths. Fish, black as Othello himself, dart through the opalescent waters chased by bright blue fish or fish striped like zebras, while giant sea slugs, oysters and clams dream calmly at the bottom. You will see a crab with a single eye at the end of a long feeler, keeping lookout for any prowling enemies; or one of that curious variety that snip off pieces of living sponge and fasten them to their bodies in grotesque fashion; soldier crabs that line up in formation, then disappear, or that crafty lady-like crab that carries a living sea anemone in each hand like a parasol.

If you would test your skill in deeper waters, the Spanish mackerel running from four to five feet in length and around eighty pounds in weight, will give you a grand tussle, or you may be plainly bewitched by some fat old rock cod, or by the flash of the red emperor, a brilliant scarlet creature which is perhaps the most beautiful of them all.

Up with the Birds

WITH these strange sea creatures, you will find the wild sea birds swarming about their nests on these coral islands — all vying for your attention. And not only the sea birds, but all the land birds of Australia are remarkable, for it is said that every bird family in the world, with the exception of two or three is represented in its forests. One of the most lovely is the cockatoo, softly grey with rose pink breast. These fly in great screaming silver flocks. Perhaps the most amazing birds are the kookaburra that laughs uproariously, the lyre bird that is such a splendid mimic, and those indefatigable bower birds that scour the forest and fields for everything that is bright and gay so that they may build enchanting playgrounds before their nests.

But you need not spend all your time communing with nature in Australia. It has its very civilized side as well. True, its people are not all pent up in apartments and skyscrapers, but they accomplish a tremendous amount of business just the same. Besides everybody is so interested in owning his own home. Sydney and Melbourne, each with a population of more than a million, are the fourth and sixth largest cities in the British Empire, and larger than San Francisco. Their hotels are as fine as you will find anywhere, and wherever you may go in this land, you may be sure of a cordial welcome.

ARE YOU SEEKING A SCHOOL ?

Then turn to the August issue of HARPERS MAGAZINE which contains the announcements of about 300 schools and colleges. Its School Section forms a most comprehensive Directory that will guide you to the school best suited to meet your requirements. On sale at all newsstands on July 21st.

Our School Booklet containing the announcements of most of the leading schools and colleges is a dependable school reference that will help you solve your school problem. Sent free on request.

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(*Continued from page III*)

Foreign Affairs

THE improvement in foreign securities which followed the relief of the German situation will undoubtedly be followed by some gain in foreign trade. It would be a serious mistake, however, to assume that Europe's desperate disease was cured by a single dose of Mr. Hoover's generosity. Only a most serious condition could have called forth the measures that were resorted to.

The Russian situation remains unchanged. It is quite impossible to gauge the harm that has been done and will be done to the economic condition of the world by the Russian experiment. The uncertainty and fear which it breeds are perhaps the worst aspects of this situation. There is, it may be said, an abnormally large amount of fear spread about in Europe. Germany fears Russia, France fears Germany, Germany fears France, France fears England, England fears its dominions, etc., etc. Nothing stagnates industrial activity so much as apprehension.

Politics

A YEAR from now the political campaign will be at its height. Economically, the intervening year lies under the shadow of the campaign and conversely, the outcome of the Presidential election will be greatly affected by business conditions. The German moratorium was either the wisest move or the luckiest break (perhaps both) of Mr. Hoover's career. If the election were to take place this year instead of next, his chances, I believe, would be extremely good. If the temporary improvement should become permanent, so that business by next year has returned to something like normal, a great deal of the hardship of the depression will have been forgotten and Mr. Hoover will be played up as the wizard who stepped in at the psychological moment and rescued Europe from the consequences of Mr. Wilson's interference thirteen years ago. Unfortunately, there is a chance that the temporary improvement will not become permanent and that next year will find business even worse off than this year. However, the French acceptance has made sentiment generally still firmer, and optimism may help.

Bonds

THE bond averages continued their downward trend until the early part of June, though, unlike stocks, they did not quite reach their December low. Since making their June low they have shown marked improvement — particularly foreign obligations. Liberty Bonds have not shared in the rise — quite naturally — since they were already on a low return basis, since they represent the obligations of an organization which is facing a serious curtailment of income, and since, with the improvement in business sentiment, there has been a good deal of switching into less conservative, higher yield, investments.

Stocks

THE spectacular recovery of stocks beginning on the sunny Saturday when Mr. Hoover's plan was announced demonstrated how well the market is deflated. The rally occurred at a time when all of the ordinary business barometers — car loadings, steel mill activity, automobile production, building contracts — looked very unhealthy. In this connection, it is interesting to remember that the peak of the spring rally was reached at approximately the same time as the peak of business activity, according to the New York *Times* Index. In other words (as it has been many times pointed out) business barometers are not barometers at all, but thermometers. They indicate the present state of business and only help to judge the future by analogy. Certain information is available to "insiders" which enables them to tell with a certain degree of accuracy what the barometers are going to do in the future. The activities of this group of operators (they are not really a group at all, of course) creates the so-called technical strength of the market. When they buy stocks, they buy them to hold, and do not change their position if the market goes a few points against them. Conversely, when they sell stocks, they sell them, very largely, to margin traders who will be forced to sell if weakness develops. In appearance, the technical condition of the market often seems to create just the set of statistics or news which it needs. As evidenced by brokers' loans, by the halt in the

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spring decline, and by the petering out of volume, the technical position, early in June, was extremely strong. Bad news had more or less ceased to affect the market, all that was needed to bring about an advance was a piece of constructive news. At what appeared to be the psychological moment — a sunny Saturday when the prosperous bears had gone to the beaches — Mr. Hoover's moratorium plan was announced and the market sky-rocketed.

The market is now faced with a long series of extremely discouraging half-year reports. It is difficult to see how much progress can be made during the forthcoming month, although the technical strength may be sufficient to keep the market above the June lows until the bad news is out of the way. Some time in August strength is likely to develop in anticipation of business improvement in the third quarter. Provided that the looked-for bulge in new construction contracts materializes, that the European situation grows no worse, that weather conditions continue to favor the crops, and that no unforeseen disaster occurs, it is my opinion that weakness in August should be utilized to accumulate stocks for the pull. At best, however, I do not expect a very spectacular bull market to develop while the uncertainty over the outcome of the Presidential election stands in its way. As a matter of fact, too much emphasis is often placed on the idea of "the market," as though all stocks behaved in identical fashion. During the next few years the records of individual companies will vary widely. Some, whose securities are listed on reputable exchanges, will be in the hands of receivers; others, little known today, will be recording spectacular earnings. Corporations, after all, owe their existence to the minds of men. The creature never rises above its creator, and usually inherits a good many of the latter's characteristics. Some are wise, others foolish, some lucky, others hounded by misfortunes. Yet people, who inquire carefully into the records and character of their servants, will buy the equities or obligations of a corporation without having the slightest idea who are its managers, directors and sponsors. In my opinion, this is the most important factor to study when deciding what stocks or bonds to buy. It is often overlooked simply because such information, except in a general way, is difficult to obtain.

When business returns, some industries will, of course, do better than others. The ideal security would be that of the best managed company in the most fortunately placed industry. Each wave of prosperity seems to bring some new industry to the forefront, while others tend to sink back. During the last period, the railroads, for example, did not do relatively as well as they formerly had done. This tendency may well be accentuated in the coming (it will have to come some time) era of prosperity. The electric industry, in spite of the rapid advances it has already made, has not, in my opinion, nearly reached its peak. The stocks of the best managed electric and utility companies, will, I believe, do as well as those of any other group in the next bull market. In the same rank I place the chemical industry which is finding new uses for its products every day. The food industry has improved its methods of manufacturing and distribution very much during the last year or so, but it should be remembered that the amount of food which can be consumed by an individual is limited, whereas the consumption of electricity can be expanded almost indefinitely. I do not expect that the automobile industry will make such rapid advances as it did in the last few years, or that the aviation industry will live up to expectations.

Conclusion

FORECASTING of any sort is a dangerous procedure at this time. Events may occur at any moment which will change the industrial picture completely overnight. Nevertheless I feel that it is safe to say that conditions have improved materially since the last time of writing. Months from now statistics will show the benefits which have resulted from Mr. Hoover's step.

Take the case of an individual. I had a friend who owed a neighbor some money. The neighbor called him up one day and told him that he could have an additional year in which to pay his debt. Feeling cheerful, he bought a new straw hat the next day. If an analogy is worth anything, perhaps our many debtors will be coming into our markets again.

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